The Outlook

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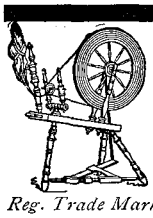

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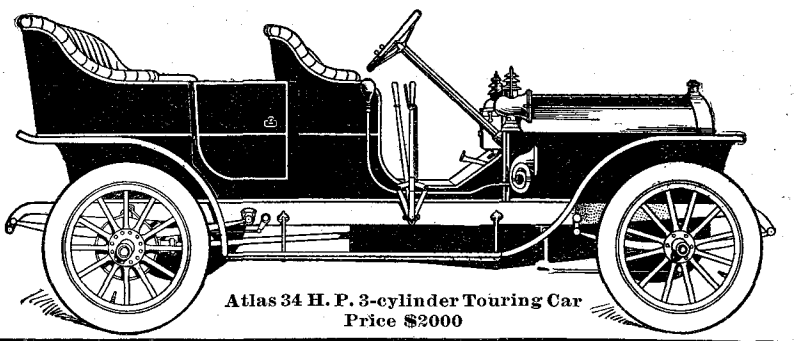

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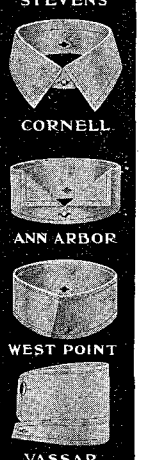

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The Outlook

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The New Currency Law

In accordance with the frequently recorded hope and expectation of The Outlook, Congress has passed an emergency currency measure. The new law is a combination of the plan of Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, embodying the views of the Senate, and the plan of Representative Vreeland, of New York, embodying the views of the House. It does not disturb in any way the present National bank note currency of the country, which is based upon Government bonds, but provides a means by which an additional volume, amounting to a total of $500,000,000 if necessary, may be issued by the National banks in case of a currency stringency like that from which the country has so seriously suffered during the past winter. Any National bank may avail itself of the privileges of the bill by either one of two methods, or by both methods combined, provided it already has notes outstanding based upon Government bonds under the present law to an amount not less than forty per cent of its capital stock. The two methods above mentioned may perhaps best be illustrated by a concrete example. Suppose that the Storm King National Bank of Cornwall, New York, wishes some currency in addition to its regular bond-secured notes. With the approval of the Comptroller of the Currency, the Treasurer of the United States, and the Secretary of the Treasury, it may obtain from the Government bank notes bearing its own name and guaranteed by the Government, by depositing with the Government, as collateral, any State, city, town, county, or other municipal bonds which conform in value to certain standards defined in the new law. Under this method the bank, by its own individual action, can take out new circulation up to ninety per cent of the market value of the bonds. Or, if the Storm King Bank does not possess such bonds and does possess good assets, such as commercial paper or other securities of recognized value, it may join the National Currency Association of its neighborhood which is created by the law. No combination of banks can keep any other bank out of such an Association if it complies with certain general regulations of the Act. The Storm King Bank will then be able to issue new notes up to seventy-five per cent of its collateral deposited with the National Currency Association. This collateral may include "two-name commercial paper"—that is to say, promissory notes given in exchange for actual merchandise—and must be satisfactory to the Secretary of the Treasury and guaranteed by all the banks of that particular Association. Each bank in the Association is to have a voice in its management, and the Association may require the collateral deposited by a member bank to be good and sufficient in its judgment, on exactly the same commercial principle which governs the treatment of a merchant's or a manufacturer's collateral by a commercial bank of which he is a customer. A graduated tax amounting in its maximum form to ten per cent is imposed upon this emergency currency; this tax, it is believed, will effect the recall and redemption of the emergency currency when the period of stringency is past. The amount of currency which any one bank may issue, either individually or through a Currency Association, is determined by a system of proportion set forth in the bill. The life of the new law is limited to a term of six years, and the measure creates a Currency Commission, to consist of nine Representatives and nine Senators, to consider the whole question of banking and finance, with authority to examine experts and other witnesses under oath.

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The Advantages of the New Law

In our judgment, the benefit of the Aldrich-Vreeland Bill to the legitimate commercial, industrial, and financial interests of the country will be very great. Perhaps the chief benefit is an educational one. Expert students of political economy and practical financiers are agreed in regarding our present system of bond-secured currency as archaic and unscientific. It creates an artificial and therefore injurious value for United States bonds. It was established primarily for the purpose of creating an artificial market for Government bonds at a time when such a market was greatly needed by the country. That need no longer exists. The new measure is permissive and not mandatory; by its aid, without abandoning or destroying the present system, the country may make a practical test to see whether a universally circulating currency can be successfully based upon general wealth and commercial credit. If this can be done, as we believe it can, it will be a direct and important step in the direction of sound National finance. This appears to us to dispose of the objection that the new act is not an ideal and perfect financial measure. In the second place, it will enable the merchant, the manufacturer, and the farmer to obtain credit tokens in the form of National bank notes in exchange for legitimate and sound promissory notes. In times of crisis this will do away with the awkward and unsatisfactory method of issuing Clearing-House certificates, which of necessity can circulate only in the limited region of the Clearing-House. In the third place, it will stimulate the use of good commercial paper as an instrument of sound and profitable mercantile business. It is the employment of two-name commercial paper that has made commercial banking in France so responsive to the legitimate needs of trade and industry. In the fourth place, it will provide a very desirable element of elasticity in our bank note currency which the present system entirely lacks. This elasticity, it will be remembered by our readers, is simply that quality which enables the bank note currency of a country to increase with the increasing volume of trade, and to decrease with the decreasing volume of trade. A fixed or steadily increasing volume of currency promotes speculation because, when legitimate commercial transactions decrease, the currency has to be employed in some way in order to pay for its cost. In the fifth place, the establishment of National Currency Associations, in which the banks are mutually responsible for the solvency of all the members, is likely to promote conservatism and sound banking throughout the country. The best-trained and most public-spirited commercial bankers of the country regard the new measure favorably as a step in the right direction. The most vigorous objections to it have come from those bankers who make large profits in times of currency stringency by charging high rates of interest or by monopolizing currency as a commodity in periods when the demand is great and the supply is small. Some bankers, either failing to or unable to regard the question as one of economic interest to the whole country, and considering it merely from the point of view of their own profit and loss accounts, protest that the ten per cent tax will prevent their making any money out of the new emergency currency. Such critics should remember that they are not expected to make money out of emergency bank notes. These notes are provided to save them from bankruptcy, and, if necessary, they should be glad to pay for the privilege of using them. Last winter the banks of the country practically suspended payment. That many of them were not forced into actual bankruptcy was due to the public spirit of their depositors and of the courts, who felt that the avoidance of such a universal financial calamity justified the endurance of temporary inconvenience and privation, however severe. When the new law goes into operation, no National bank, if in a sound and healthy condition, can have any excuse for not meeting the just demands of its depositors for cash in the form of currency. One of the most extraordinary things connected with this legislation is that Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, who has been very generally regarded as a defender of pop-

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ular rights and popular justice, employed every artifice known to the filibuster and reactionary to obstruct the passage of the Aldrich-Vreeland Bill. We do not know how he can explain his attitude to the farmers and merchants of the country whose welfare the bill will undoubtedly promote and protect, except on the ground that the word "bank," in whatever piece of legislation it appears, raises before his eyes the hobgoblin of "frenzied finance."

❀

Who is "in the Hole"?

One of the important measures which Congress failed to enact was that which provided for the publication of National campaign contributions. Though the end of the bill was tragic, there was connected with it a foolish farce. The farce was performed by the Republicans in Congress, who, as we reported last week, attempted to foist upon the Democrats the responsibility for the defeat of the bill by tacking to it an irrelevant and obnoxious provision in no wise furthering the object of the bill. As The Outlook said last week, Mr. Taft had expressed himself in favor of a publicity measure. Mr. Bryan, however, had evidently not seen the despatches which announced that fact. He consequently sent the following message to Mr. Taft:

I beg to suggest that, as leading candidates in our respective parties, we join in asking Congress to pass a bill requiring publication of campaign contributions prior to election. If you think best, we can ask other candidates to unite with us in the request. W. J. BRYAN.

In reply Mr. Taft telegraphed to Mr. Bryan as follows:

Hon. William J. Bryan, Lincoln, Neb.:

Your telegram received. On April 30th last I sent the following telegram to Senator Burrows, the Chairman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections, of the Senate:

My Dear Mr. Burrows: I sincerely believe that it would greatly tend to the absence of corruption in politics if the expenditures for nomination and election of all candidates, and all contributions received and expenditures made by political committees, could be made public both in respect to State and National politics. For that reason I am strongly in favor of the passage of the bill which is now pending in the Senate and House, bringing about this result so far as National politics are concerned. I mark this letter personal, because I am anxious to avoid assuming an attitude in the campaign which it is quite possible I shall never have the right to assume, but so far as my personal influence is concerned, I am anxious to give it for the passage of the bill.

Very sincerely yours,
WILLIAM H. TAFT.

Since writing the above, in answer to inquiry, I have said publicly that I hoped such a bill would pass.

W. H. TAFT.

Mr. Taft's telegram is characteristically brave and frank; Mr. Bryan's telegram is as dignified as it is candid. The fact that the two principal candidates for the Presidential nomination have independently taken this position is bound to have an effect on future legislation, and even for the present will make public opinion more sensitive to political cleanliness. The unjustifiable opinion is expressed in some quarters, where every utterance by any public man is interpreted as a political maneuver, that Mr. Bryan attempted to put Mr. Taft "in a hole." The real occupant of the hole, however, is that group of Congressmen who find themselves facing a campaign after killing a bill to which both candidates are voluntarily and publicly committed.

❀

State Prohibition in North Carolina

The onslaught on the saloon in America shows no sign of abatement. Last week Tuesday, North Carolina, by a popular vote of over three to two, adopted State prohibition. Although both sides expected a victory for prohibition, very few anticipated so decided a majority. Remarkable as this result is on its face, it is still more remarkable in the light of several considerations. In the first place, most of the State was already no-license. Of the ninety-eight counties, only sixteen licensed saloons and only twenty-one maintained dispensaries. In sixty-one counties, therefore, the people opposed to all sale of liquor, it might naturally be supposed, would view the result with indifference, as it could not directly affect their communities. Moreover, the law already confined even such sale of liquor as was permitted by local option vote to incorporated towns. Consequently the rural districts even in license counties would have been to a large extent unaffected whichever way the vote went. Nevertheless, these re-

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gions, with some exceptions where the people recorded their resentment against the existing law, rolled up enormous majorities in favor of State prohibition. Even more surprising was the vote in favor of State prohibition registered in such towns as Salisbury, Winston-Salem, and Wilmington, which no one imagined could be carried for no-license in a local option election. It is interesting to note that of the thirty-seven counties which allowed saloons or dispensaries, only five voted against State prohibition. The campaign was, moreover, practically free from agitation by professional temperance orators, and, except in three or four communities, from public demonstrations by children and women. The absence of such marks of excitement during the campaign makes the decisiveness of the result all the more striking. It is noteworthy that the largest majorities were recorded in those mountain counties where years ago the population suffered most acutely from the existence of distilleries. The vote throughout the State is normally about 215,000. On this occasion it amounted to about 189,000. This is not as light as it appears. When it is remembered that the issue was impersonal and that the decision was hardly in doubt, the vote was really heavy.

❀

Causes and Prospects

Of the four Southern States which within the past few months have adopted State prohibition, North Carolina is the first to adopt it by popular vote. This vote marks a revolution in public sentiment on liquor legislation. In 1881 the question was submitted to the people of North Carolina, and the majority against State prohibition was even more sweeping than the present vote for it. There is a difference of about a hundred and twenty thousand in the two elections. It is ascribed to three causes. One is the disfranchisement of illiterates. This excluded about seventy thousand negro votes, which in the election twenty-seven years ago and in local option elections since were manipulated to the great injury of civic affairs. In the election of last week, on the other hand, it is estimated that nine-tenths of the negro vote, which was cast by men qualified by an education test, went for State prohibition. Another cause is the educative effect of local option. For years the voters of North Carolina have been trained, by the necessity of voting on the issue between license and no-license in the several counties, to consider, discuss, and decide the question of the liquor traffic. The third cause (not unconnected with the other two) is the rise of a determined moral sentiment. Those men among the anti-saloon forces who, like Mr. J. W. Bailey, believe State prohibition to be less effectual than local option, yielded to the judgment of the majority on a question of method and joined heartily in the fight on the moral issue. There was scarcely a single leader of ability engaged in the fight against State prohibition. On the other hand, many men of prominence led the prohibition forces—as, from the Republican ranks, Judge Jeter C. Pritchard, of the United States Circuit Court, formerly United States Senator; and, from the Democratic ranks, Governor Glenn, ex-Governor Aycock, and United States Senator Simmons. The law adopted prohibits the manufacture of liquor (except wine and cider under guarded restrictions) and all sale of liquor (except for medical purposes under equally guarded conditions). It goes into effect on January 1, 1909. Prepared for by twenty years of agitation and education through local option, supported by an unusual majority vote and by the political leaders of the State, prohibition in North Carolina will begin most auspiciously. If prohibition can succeed anywhere, it ought to succeed there. If it fails there, it can scarcely succeed in any American State.

❀

Two Vetoes by Governor Hughes

Of the nearly five hundred bills left at adjournment by the New York Legislature for the consideration of Governor Hughes, 355 became law, while 140 were vetoed by the Governor or failed to secure the necessary approval of the local authorities. Among the measures which were disapproved was the Robinson bill to amend the Rapid

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Transit Law applying to New York City. This bill, it will be remembered, made it possible for subways to be built by private capital, with the right reserved to the city of buying the subway and its equipment at the end of a fixed period, which might be as long as fifty years. At the present time, rapid transit lines must be built by the use of the city's credit and must belong to the city from the start; and no lease or franchise may be granted for longer than twenty years, with a privilege of renewal for twenty years. Governor Hughes bases his disapproval of the measure on very solid grounds. In his memorandum on the bill he said:

It is said that the bill merely gives an alternative to the authorities for construction by private capital and does not interfere with the right to secure municipally constructed lines. But I believe it to be practically certain that if this bill were to become a law there would be no construction of consequence at public expense until every available means to secure construction by private capital had been exhausted. Unless private capital could be induced to undertake construction, nothing would be gained by the bill. The demand that the provisions of the bill should be resorted to, and for consequent relief to the city, would most probably interrupt the execution of plans which are feasible even under present conditions; and if the efforts to secure construction by private capital proved futile, we should have suffered serious delays in securing a proper settlement of this great problem. I do not think it likely that private capital could be induced to construct upon the proposed terms. But it may be regarded as certain that if private capital could be induced to construct under the provisions of this bill, it would demand the most favorable terms. . . . It is idle to suppose that if the law permitted the grant of a privilege for fifty years, private capital would bid for the privilege on a basis of twenty-five years. . . . This bill, therefore, in its main feature means that to have additional rapid transit in New York we should give fifty-year grants. I do not believe in that policy. The city should not lose its control over its highways for rapid transit purposes for such a period. Any one who reflects upon what the city was fifty years ago and upon what it is likely to become in the course of the next fifty years must realize this. . . . It is clear that franchises must not be inconsiderately granted and that the law must not permit terms which we do not wish to see yielded. I believe that with due consideration this matter will be settled in the near future. But proper control over the highways and public improvements of the city must be reserved, and we must not allow temporary exigencies to force grants contrary to sound judgment and wise policy.

With this view of the measure The Outlook is heartily in accord; indeed, in a previous issue it has expressed its disapproval of the bill on these same grounds. Another transit measure which was vetoed by Governor Hughes established a five-cent fare over the Brooklyn Heights Railway Company's lines to Coney Island. The disorderly and riotous scenes which attended the protest against the continuance of the ten-cent fare two years ago are still remembered, and there is still widespread clamor for action by the Legislature establishing the lower rate. Governor Hughes's veto was a logical sequence of his veto last year of the Two-cent Fare Bill. Expert commissions have been constituted for the express purpose of determining such questions as these after scientific study of the conditions, and Mr. Hughes does not believe in taking special cases out of their hands and deciding them in the Legislature, where it is impossible to have the detailed knowledge necessary to make the decision on the real merits. The probability that the veto would be unpopular has deterred Governor Hughes as little in this case as such considerations have uniformly throughout his public life.

❀

Two Admirable Pieces of Legislation

Among the bills which Governor Hughes permitted to become law, perhaps the most widespread in its effect was that establishing an entire new code for the building and management of highways in the State. It draws into one coherent act the hitherto more or less unrelated and contradictory provisions, regarding public roads, of the old highway, county, town, and village laws, the conflicts of which have been a source of endless waste, inefficiency, and misunderstanding. It creates a State Highway Department, to have entire control over construction and maintenance, and to supplant in this field the ancient authority of the State Engineer and Surveyor. This department will be managed by a State Highway Commission, of three members, to be appointed by the

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Governor who will be elected at the next general election. One must be an engineer experienced in the building of roads and bridges, and one must be of the minority party in the State. It abolishes altogether the old labor system of working the highways, and makes universal the money system, under which a majority of the towns of the State are now working. Four kinds of roads are provided for—trunk highways, connecting important cities, and to be built by the State; county highways, connecting important towns within counties, to be built at the joint expense of State, county, and town; town highways, connecting important towns with the county highways, to be built at the joint expense of State and town; and local town roads, to be built and maintained at town expense. It lays out thirty-seven different routes for the State trunk highways, some of them hundreds of miles long, and making altogether a system or network of highways which, if efficiently maintained, will make New York one of the leading States in highway improvement. Three of these main lines will lead northward from New York City, and a fourth will pass through the southern tier of counties. State supervision, district supervision, county supervision, and town supervision are all changed; the elective office of local highway commissioner is abolished, and succeeded by a new office, that of town superintendent. Directly responsible to the Commission will be six division engineers, appointed by the Commission; under them will be county superintendents, appointed by the county boards of supervisors; or district superintendents for groups of counties whose supervisors fail to designate county superintendents; and, last of all, town superintendents, who will be elected biennially by the people. The State Commission may remove district engineers and county superintendents, and may prefer charges against the town superintendents. The State is to expend more than $75,000,000 in highway construction, not to mention upward of $1,000,000 a year in repairs and maintenance, and it has become increasingly evident during the past few years that the old hodge-podge of legislation must be supplanted by a comprehensive revision. The construction and maintenance of good roads constitute one of the most important fields of governmental activity, and one which most intimately touches the life of the rural communities. The action of New York State in combining its highways laws into one compact system, and providing for the scientific administration of the large fund already appropriated for good road construction, is a long step in advance. Another admirable law passed by the Legislature and signed by the Governor was one dealing with the terrible subject of tuberculosis. In New York State fifteen thousand lives are lost every year through tuberculosis. A military campaign in which fifteen regiments were completely annihilated would be accounted to-day a stain on modern civilization; last year fifteen regiments of men, women, and children were wiped out in New York State by the "white scourge." The new law follows the lines of legislation which has proved its efficacy in other States. It requires physicians and the chief officers of hospitals and dispensaries to report all cases of tuberculosis to the local health authorities, it provides for the free examination of the sputum of suspected cases, it requires that certain prescribed precautions be taken on the premises of a tuberculosis patient for the protection of other persons, and for the disinfection of any premises vacated by a sufferer from the disease, and imposes penalties for the failure to comply with any of the provisions of the act. The fight against tuberculosis is being carried on with increasing vigor in many directions, and the new legislation in New York will not only be a strong weapon against the common enemy in that State, but it will also be an encouragement and an example to other communities.

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A Historic American City

An enthusiastic citizen of Chicago once invited a famous professor of archæology in an English university to visit Chicago on the ground that, being only fifty years old and having three million inhabitants, it was the most

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remarkable city on earth. The English scientist declined the invitation, but said that if the American would show him a city three million years old with only fifty inhabitants he would go to it with alacrity. Some of our foreign friends are so apt to think of America as the land of the spick-and-span that it is pleasant occasionally to point out to them that we, too, have historical traditions, associations, and buildings. The city of Kingston, New York, has just been celebrating its two hundred and fiftieth birthday. This, of course, may strike the Englishman who lives in Bury St. Edmunds or in the region of Stonehenge as an evidence of youth, but all loyal Americans regard it with pride as a manifestation of age and dignity. Kingston is a prosperous and attractive city of thirty thousand inhabitants, lying at the foot of the Catskill Mountains on the west bank of the Hudson River, a little more than half-way between New York and Albany. The unusual beauty of its situation is enhanced by the care which its citizens have given to its well-shaded streets and to their attractive homes, many of them possessing picturesque features of Colonial architecture. It was originally a Dutch settlement and bore the name of Wiltwyck, a name which the English, with their characteristic monarchical enthusiasm, upon their occupancy changed to Kingston. Governor George Clinton, the first Governor of New York State, was inaugurated in Kingston on the spot now marked by a bronze tablet in the wall of the remodeled old Court-House. This spot is just across the street from the picturesque and spacious churchyard of the old Dutch Reformed Church, a visit to which will well repay the student of Colonial history. The chief ceremony of the Kingston celebration was the removal from Washington, where Clinton died while Vice-President of the United States, of the body of the famous Governor, and its reinterment in the historic Dutch churchyard. Clinton's monument has also been brought from Washington and will mark his Kingston grave, with an added inscription to record this new historical event. The celebration covered the space of three days, and included a review by Governor Hughes, a personal telegraphic participation by President Roosevelt, an address by that distinguished soldier and lover of peace, Major-General O. O. Howard, some special religious services, a great procession, and other exercises. The city was beautifully decorated, and Kingstonians may regard with satisfaction their successful and appropriate efforts to turn for a little while the attention of their own community and of the country at large from the hurly-burly and confusion of modern life to that which is both interesting and inspiring in the lives and the events of the past.

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Governor George Clinton

George Clinton, the first Governor of New York, and the uncle of De Witt Clinton, who succeeded him and carried out his great scheme of uniting the Hudson River and the Great Lakes, was of English descent. He belonged to a family of exceptional ability and activity; was born in 1739; was privateering thirty years later; accompanied the expedition against Fort Frontenac as a lieutenant; studied law; went to the Colonial Assembly of New York State in 1768; and showed his strong home rule convictions by urging the cause of the colonies against the Crown with such effectiveness that he was sent as a delegate to the Second Continental Congress. His name would have appeared as one of the signers of the Declaration if Washington had not made him General of Militia in command of the Highlands. He was present at the convention which framed the first State Constitution in 1777, but was called away to action in the field by Congress, which appointed him a Brigadier-General. In connection with his older brother, General James Clinton, he made an unsuccessful but brilliant defense of the Highland forts on the Hudson; and his great energy was shown, both in civil and military services to the State, so long as the war continued. He became the first Governor of New York in 1777, was re-elected three years later, and continued to be re-elected until 1795. This covered the entire war and reconstruction period; and he was a forerunner among the

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Governors of his period of the great War Governors of a century later. In the light of present political tendencies it is interesting to note that Governor Clinton was one of the earliest apostles of the doctrine of State's Rights, and that he endeavored, for a while successfully, to administer the affairs of New York as if it were an independent sovereignty. At one time he even claimed that the tariff revenue at the port of the city of New York belonged to the State and not to the Federal Government. His promptness and skill saved the Mohawk Valley at a critical moment from the horrors of Indian warfare; he took a prominent part in arranging treaties of peace with the western Indians; and the rapidity of his movements gave material assistance in the suppression of the famous Shays's Rebellion in Massachusetts. He conceived the project of canals connecting the navigable waters of the State as the result of a trip with Washington and Hamilton to the northern and western outposts. George Clinton is to be remembered also because of his deep and fruitful interest in public education; he may be regarded as the father of public schools in the State of New York. His message to the Legislature of 1795 was the initiation of the movement for the organization in the State of the common school system. In military affairs Governor Clinton was cool, prompt, and audacious; in civil affairs a passionate home government man and a stanch defender of law and order; in private life he is described as dignified, kindly, and warm both in his friendships and animosities. He united in unusual degree tireless energy, sound judgment, and great force of character.

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Public Security Against the Criminal Insane

Justice Morschauser, of the New York State Supreme Court, has rendered a public service. He has not only reached a decision that makes for public safety, but in announcing it has delivered an opinion that informs the people and will help to crystallize sound public sentiment. He has decided that Thaw, who killed Stanford White, and who was acquitted of murder solely on the ground of insanity, should not be released from the State Asylum for the Criminal Insane at Matteawan. When on trial for his life, Thaw pleaded that he was insane when he committed the murder. He now urges that he was insane only a few seconds before and after the act, and that he is thoroughly sane now. After hearing the testimony of witnesses summoned by Thaw, Justice Morschauser has decided that Thaw is still insane, and that it would be unsafe to allow him to go at large. The law of the State, as quoted by the Judge, provides that "any inmate, not a convict, held upon an order of a court or judge in a criminal proceeding may be discharged therefrom upon the superintendent's certificate of recovery made to and approved by such court or judge." In setting forth the spirit in which such a law should be administered, Judge Morschauser has stated two principles which ought never to be forgotten. Briefly, those two principles are, first, that public safety is paramount, and, second, that the recovery of the criminal insane can be acknowledged only when all danger of relapse is removed. These are the Judge's words:

> In construing this statute it should be borne in mind that the safety and welfare of the community are of more importance than the freedom of the individual. . . .
>
> Bearing in mind that the usual punishment for the act which led up to the detention of said Thaw is death or a long term of imprisonment, and that Thaw escaped the consequences of such act solely by reason of his existing mental condition, I do not deem it proper to allow Thaw his freedom, suffering as he is from some form of insanity, with the possible recurrence of an attack similar to that which the jury believed he was suffering from when he killed Stanford White.
>
> In view of the existing mental condition of said Thaw, the safety of the public is better insured by his remaining in custody and under observance until such time as he has recovered or until it shall be reasonably certain that there is no danger of a recurring attack of the delusion, or whatever it may be.

These principles are absolutely sound. The observance of them is essential to the preservation of civilized society. Americans are solicitous enough concerning the rights of the individual crim-

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inal; they need to cultivate regard for the rights of the community. In the case of a man relieved from punishment for the commission of a crime on the ground of insanity, the rights of the community demand that he ought not to be released merely when he is proved to be sane, but only when disinterested physicians of the highest standing, representing the State, are willing to accept responsibility for his future conduct. Under any other circumstances the release of such a man as Thaw, or even his removal from the Asylum for the Criminal Insane to any other sort of sanitarium, would be a public menace.

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The Presbyterian Assembly

The recent reunion with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church was signalized by the election of one of its distinguished leaders, Dr. B. F. Fullerton, of St. Louis, as Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, at Kansas City, Missouri. The sermon of the retiring Moderator, Dr. W. H. Roberts, of Philadelphia, was a fervent appeal for evangelistic work—toward which Mr. John H. Converse, of Philadelphia, is said to have given $250,000 during the last few years. The preacher, while advocating evangelism to "abate the rancor of social classes," and to "increase the manifestation of righteousness in high and low places alike," was apparently pleading for the old evangelism, which aimed only to convert individual sinners, not for the new evangelism, which aims also to reform the social evils and wrongs that breed sinners. The trend of thought in the Church toward the latter is well expressed in its Department of Labor in the Board of Home Missions, and in the work of its Superintendent, the Rev. Charles Stelzle, for a good understanding between the churches and the labor unions, and in behalf of immigrants. Twelve thousand people, including thousands of trade unionists, listened, on Sunday, May 24, to Mr. Stelzle's plea for fraternity and fairness, which was supported eloquently by Governor Folk. A unique exhibition of fraternity followed. The Assembly had appointed a committee to report next year upon a proposal not to ordain any pastor for whom a salary less than $1,000 is provided. Allusion being made to this, Mr. John B. Lennon, Treasurer of the American Federation of Labor, exclaimed: "We'll stand by you on that, even if we have to call a strike." According to the official report, 5,000 Presbyterian ministers receive less than $1,000, while 2,500 receive over $1,000. Great meetings were also addressed on the work of evangelism urged by the Moderator's sermon. Lively interest centered in the creation of an executive commission to control the various administrative agencies of the Church. The Assembly seemed to apprehend an undue dominance of the Church by its various Boards. It is provided now that this commission of fifteen shall include no paid agents or members of Church Boards, or permanent officers of the Assembly, the Moderator excepted. This excludes, it is said, some two hundred of the leading men of the Church, and its practical working is regarded with some curiosity. Another spirited debate ensued upon a resolution commending the use of the American standard edition of the Revised Version of the Bible as the best. It failed by 211 against 217, but the closeness of the vote in so conservative a body shows the direction of growing conviction.

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English Affairs

The English Liberals have been cheered by a decided victory in the district formerly represented by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and also by Mr. Asquith's determination to keep in line with the traditional Liberal policy of free trade. The Unionists believe that there has been a distinct turn of the tide of opinion in the direction of the policy of tariff reform; and they are eager to fight the battles of the immediate future about this issue. Mr. Asquith has apparently determined not to accept battle on this point, but, so far as possible, to meet his enemies on other issues; and he is pushing to the front a somewhat radical democratic measure for franchise reform, "One man, one vote!" to which he has added, much against his own wishes it is said,

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a proposal to submit the question of suffrage for women in some form to a vote by women. Details of this proposal have not yet reached this country, but the indications are that the Prime Minister proposes to secure, if possible, a consensus of opinion from women on the question; the understanding being that if that consensus is favorable, woman's suffrage shall become a part of the general measure for the enlargement of the franchise. On this issue of franchise extension the Liberals hope to overcome the drift of opinion towards tariff reform. The enlargement of the franchise is a very strong card in the hands of the Ministry from every point of view. If a bill embodying such a reform should pass the House of Commons, the House of Lords would be put in the position of either accepting it and thus contributing immensely to the political capital of the Liberals, or defeating it and so increasing their unpopularity by vetoing a measure which necessarily would command very wide popular support. During the past ten days public interest in England has concentrated, not on politics, but on the visit of the French President and his Minister of Foreign Affairs, both of whom have been received with a cordiality, not to say enthusiasm, which has been interpreted in every capital in Europe as an expression of the good understanding which has been secured between the two Governments, and the friendly feeling which exists between the two peoples. There has been a good deal of talk of turning this understanding into a definite alliance, offensive and defensive, but there are many good reasons for believing that there is no such intention in the mind of either Government. Both countries can secure the maximum of benefit from the present arrangement at the minimum of risk.

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Another Carnegie Gift

Last week at Cartago, Costa Rica, the Central American Court of Justice was inaugurated. Its establishment was the chief result of the Central American Peace Conference held at Washington last autumn. The Court is to have a far larger international jurisdiction over Central American affairs than the Hague Court has over world matters, and its formation has immeasurably raised the governments of the Central American States in the general opinion. The most picturesque feature of the inauguration ceremonies was the announcement by our Commissioner, the Hon. William I. Buchanan, speaking in Spanish, of a gift of $100,000 from Mr. Andrew Carnegie for the erection at Cartago of a Temple of Peace for the exclusive use of the Central American Court of Justice. As at The Hague, Mr. Carnegie prefers that his building shall be known as the Temple, not the Palace, of Peace. The gift will further dignify Central America in the eyes of the world, for it is an impressive expression of Mr. Carnegie's sympathy for the peace and progress of that region, and of his confidence in the success of the genuinely humanitarian endeavor which has its foundation in the new Court. Certainly it constitutes, as Mr. Carnegie believes, another and a striking example of civilization and fraternity among the nations. It is a specially striking example, far more so than if the states involved were located in temperate climatic zones. We are accustomed to think of the people who live in a tropical zone as having only a tropical temperament, as being swayed mostly by passion and prejudice and little by reason. The Hague Peace Conference last summer showed that from these very tropical countries could come men of pre-eminent judicial quality. That such men will adorn the new Court is a foregone conclusion.

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The Poet of the People

Many a visitor to Paris, in walking through the Luxembourg Garden, must have noticed a smooth-shaven, kindly faced man slowly sauntering along, surrounded by scores of twittering birds. When the man entered the garden, he would pinch off a bit of bread from the half-loaf in his pocket and toss the morsel in the air. Perhaps a bird would dart forward and snatch it. Then the man would hold out a crumb of bread in his hand. The birds might fight shy. So he would pinch off a bit from the crumb and let it fall to

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the ground, and would move along a little so that the birds might feel quite free to pick up the bit and thus find that the larger crumb was equally toothsome. Of course some bird, bolder than the rest, would finally snatch the crumb and fly off. At this the rest would become suddenly tame, and in the end would be found sitting on the man's shoulders and arms and flying affectionately about him. He would talk to them and they would twitter back. One might think of St. Francis of Assisi preaching to the birds. The man was François Coppée, whose death has just been recorded. He was the beloved poet of the people. They felt that he belonged to them by every right of inheritance and environment. His father was a clerk in the War Department. The school days of François were few, for he had to be put to work at an early age to aid in the support of the family. Not long after the father died. The youth was left the sole support of his mother and sister. But he could give his evenings to literature and poetry, and when he was twenty-four years old he published his first collection of verses. Three years later Madame Agar, the French actress, recited one of his poems in connection with others, and was sufficiently impressed by it to seek out Coppée and urge him to write a one-act play which with others she might produce on her benefit night. The poet was electrified by joy at this recognition. All his powers seemed at their best as in a few weeks he produced "Le Passant." From that time to the time of his death Coppée's pen has been busy. He is now equally well known as a poet, a playwright, and a romancer. But the future, we feel, will best know him as a poet—indeed, all his prose is shot through and through with poetry. His main achievement in literature has been to depict the humble, sad, strenuous life of the people—the life he lived for twenty-seven years until fortune smiled upon him. And when it did he did not desert the humbler ranks of society—as one may realize who enters the commonplace court at Rue Oudinot, 12, and rings at the first door on the right. Out of this place came the verses and the romances treasured to-day by the French people of all classes.

The Death of a Distinguished Scotchman

Every American lover of golf and every American admirer of sterling manhood will regret to learn of the death of "Old Tom" Morris, which occurred at St. Andrews, Scotland, on May 24, as the result of an accidental fall down a flight of steps in the club-house of that famous university and golfing city. "Old Tom," as he was respectfully and affectionately known to every English-speaking golfer in the world, was within a few weeks of his eighty-seventh birthday, and round about his life and personality cluster some of the most remarkable associations of modern Scottish life. Few professional sportsmen have the distinction of possessing a Doctor of Divinity as a biographer. This distinction Tom Morris had the right to claim, for the story of his life was only recently published in a handsome illustrated volume of over three hundred pages, the author being W. W. Tulloch, D.D., a son of Principal Tulloch, the famous Scottish theologian of St. Andrews. It is appropriate that the great old golfer should have such a biographer, for he was himself not only a Nestor among golfers but a respected officer of the Church, as the following quotation from Dr. Tulloch's biography indicates:

> In May, 1896, Tom went to Edinburgh to attend the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland as one of the representative elders of the Presbytery of St. Andrews. It was a graceful recognition of his qualities as a man and a Churchman, and the golfers among the members of the General Assembly extended to him a warm welcome. Tom, in his capacity as elder, would attend the sittings of the General Assembly day by day, and at night, on the occasion of the Synod of Fife dining at the Palace, would dine with his Grace the Lord High Commissioner, who this year was the Marquis of Tweeddale. He would also attend the *levee*, and the receptions and "At Homes" of the Marchioness. While dining at Holyrood he was remonstrated with by a clerical golfer who sat beside him on not partaking more freely and generally of the numerous dishes. He remarked that he had had "a gude denner at the recht time o' day, and couldna eat at this time o' nicht"—dinner at 7:30 P.M.

The present writer had the pleasure and honor of meeting Tom Morris at St. Andrews in the summer of 1904, just after the veteran, at the age of eighty-

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three, had made the full course of eighteen holes in 94 strokes, a feat which every golfer who has played at St. Andrews will know how to appreciate. As he lately said of himself, Tom Morris "played gowf close on eighty years," and Prime Minister Balfour, who is an enthusiastic player of the game, ten years ago gave him the Gladstonian title of "the grand old man of golf." Perhaps his greatest achievement was in playing the St. Andrews course in a match in his seventy-third year in the remarkable figures of 41 out and 39 in—a total of 80, which a Travis or a John Ball, Jr., or even a Vardon might regard with satisfaction. Up to the day of his accidental death good old Tom Morris was a living testimonial to the fact that the game of golf is one of the most wholesome and intellectual of all outdoor sports, and that correct habits of life and strict standards of personal honor are necessary for the development and maintenance of the highest efficiency of the golfer.

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Must the Slaughter Go On?

On the Fourth of July, a month hence, the people of the United States, unless they change their habit, will acquiesce in the killing of a hundred and sixty persons and the maiming of over five thousand. This was the record two years ago. Of these, probably seventy-five died of tetanus, or lockjaw, thirty-eight were killed by gunshot wounds, fourteen by stray bullets, eighteen, mostly very small children, were burned to death, eighteen were killed by explosions of powder, dynamite, and torpedoes, three by giant firecrackers, three by cannon. In one place six boys were killed outright. Among the injured, twenty-two became totally blind, seventy-two lost one eye, fifty-six lost arms or legs or hands. This terrible record of death and injury was made, not by grown men in defense of the country, but for the most part by young boys and little children conducting a National celebration adopted from China. The Chinese have taught us many things, and we might have learned many more from them. We chose, however, to take their semi-barbaric love of noise. If it were known that on the fourth day of next month one hundred and sixty people were to die and more than five thousand were to suffer seriously from an outbreak of cholera, or from any other form of disease, there would be not only an outcry which would reach from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but organizations would spring up in every town to protect the lives of children and of citizens. But the instinct for preservation which would arouse the whole Nation if an undisguised peril came, slumbers because the peril comes, not less real, but in the form of a patriotic celebration.

The Fourth of July outbreak has never been creditable to American common sense and good taste. Its perpetuation is an arraignment of our care for human life. We are calmly proceeding to make a holocaust of children because we lack the energy to break a tradition which fastened itself upon us decades ago. A bad habit grows more heinous as time passes on; and vice in old age is much more hideous than vice in youth. When we were a younger people and lacked the registers of life and death which we now keep, there was some excuse for the inferno which is established in the country every Fourth of July. But the folly of our youth ought to be left behind; there are other and better ways of teaching American boys to remember the Declaration of Independence and to love their country than by putting firearms and deadly explosives in their hands. The day might be made to count in a hundred beautiful and patriotic ways without the aid of surgeons and undertakers and hundreds of desolate or anxious homes. In every community picturesque, interesting, and enjoyable celebrations might be arranged, giving the largest share to the children. Here is a field for community action, not only by civic organizations, but by women's clubs, which can find great opportunities of dealing with historical events in a really significant and beautiful way. Shall we go on with the slaughter of the children?

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An Incredible Report

The report that men of letters, distinguished musicians and artists are getting a foothold in the social group in this city which Ward McAllister called "The Four Hundred," and that that group is to be extended to include eleven hundred persons, has naturally awakened widespread apprehension as a sign of an impending revolution. If persons who practice the arts are admitted within the sacred circle, how will it be possible to exclude other people of intelligence and breeding? This is a vital matter, because if this sort of promiscuous intermingling goes on, this particular social group might become interesting; which would be so great a departure from its traditions as to constitute a practical abandonment of its special quality. More than this, and still more revolutionary, is the possibility that a new standard of morality might be insidiously set up, and the element of unexpectedness which now gives excitement to social life by reason of rapid divorce and remarriage, with complications of relationship which puzzle a trained legal mind, would disappear. Lord Chesterfield, on a memorable occasion in the House of Lords, said: "We, my lords, may thank Heaven that we have something better than our brains to depend upon." Brains, unfortunately, do not descend in families; titles do; the superiority of the title as a basis of permanency is obvious.

There is a great deal of delightful society in New York; the meeting together of cultivated, well-bred people, who bring the best traditions of gentle breeding, ample knowledge, and manifold interests as contributions to the social capital. The showy hotels and crowded theaters of the city are largely filled with people who shine resplendent for a season in the metropolis and then go back to their homes and declare that New York lives in hotels and has no homes, and that it has no society save that which furnishes racy stories for the yellow journals. The real New York, with its hosts of men and women devoted to the arts, its great religious activities, its noble philanthropies, its delightful social life, is apparently as unknown to the country at large as is the interior of Africa or the other side of the moon. There are admirable people among the so-called "Four Hundred;" but the eye of the country rests steadily on that ultra-fashionable set which has the advertising elements in its diversions, tastes, divorces, and remarriages. This set is to be found in Boston, Charleston, Chicago, and San Francisco, as it is found in Paris, Berlin, and London. It always appears where money is gained faster than education, or where money survives brains and devotion to public service.

The report that this set in New York, which holds the attention of the whole country and supplies the sensational press with the material on which it lives, is to be reinforced with brains, culture, wide interests, high standards of living, adds another disturbing element to a situation which is already uncomfortably agitated. Is there no limit to the reform movement? Are all the picturesque features of modern life to disappear? If the buccaneers are driven out of finance, the anarchists who defy the law out of capital and labor trusts, the ingenious adulterators out of the business of poisoning foods, the feudal lords out of politics, what remains to give variety and unexpectedness to life save the doings of the ultra-fashionable people? Is all the world to become moral and decent? Is the large capital of greed and humbug invested in the yellow journals to be destroyed without compensation? The bare possibility of such a result makes one realize the appalling extent of the revolutionary movement which Mr. Roosevelt is believed by the New York Sun to have set in motion with fiendish energy.

There is, unfortunately, historical basis for the fear that fashionable society may become adulterated by the infusion of brains, culture, and talent. In every country, as civilization has advanced, there has been a tendency to regard the arts as within the circle of legitimate interests; as standing somewhere near "society," politics, and business in importance. And it has followed that men and women who pursue the arts have broken down the social barriers and

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entered the sacred inclosure. As a result, in the older capitals, society has long ceased to mean simply elaborate dinners, dancing, and vaudeville shows; it has come to mean the easy and delightful coming together, in houses which are often treasuries of art, of the most interesting and significant people, bringing with them gentle manners, generous tastes, and the genius for good talk. This is what society has come to mean in the Old World; is the New World to imitate meekly the effete civilizations of Italy, France, and England, or is it to have a social order of its own; a society which shall live before the eyes of the people by virtue of its dramatic social complications, its extraordinary tastes, its naïve devotion to amusements which belong to the earlier stages of evolution? This is a vital question, not to be lightly dismissed because it is social and not industrial or economic; it goes to the very heart of our civilization. If writers and artists are to be admitted to the ultra-fashionable circles, what will remain to furnish the country with sensations? We cannot always be on the benches of the circus when the automobiles turn somersaults in the air and the lady on the horse is lifted to the roof.

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A Gray Congress

During the coming campaign the Republicans will try to persuade the country that Congress has emerged from its recent session in glistening white; and the Democrats will try to show that it has dyed itself a dull black. The truth of the matter is that, like other things human, Congress is neither black nor white—or rather both black and white; that is, gray.

Its character in regard to legislation generally is well typified in its attitude toward one question—the biggest question with which it has had to deal—the preservation of our natural resources. Congress looks very black after rejecting the measure to provide for the very necessary Inland Waterways Commission and in defeating the plan for establishing the White Mountain and Appalachian National Forests. On the other hand, it looks marvelously white in its provision for studying the conditions of mining, and especially in its radical and far-reaching legislation bringing the Alaska coal fields under such stringent control of the Federal Government that a private coal monopoly is made illegal.

To the credit side of Congress belong both things done and things undone. The most noteworthy achievement of the recent session is undoubtedly the Currency Bill, of which we speak more at length on another page. It was, however, in a way, just as truly an achievement to withstand against enormous pressure the proposal to increase special privilege by a ship subsidy bill for the benefit of shipping interests, and a wood pulp bill for the benefit of newspapers. It required some courage on the part of some Senators to ward off the attempt to force Congress into meddling with duties of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army by means of the Brownsville affair and the Stewart case. Congress deserves credit for much positive legislation—for the Employers' and for the Government Liability Bills, which make the railways and the Government, respectively, responsible for injury to their employees; for several measures securing a greater degree of safety to railway and steamboat travelers and employees; for the law regulating child labor in the District of Columbia; for the important Alaska and mining bills already mentioned; for enlarging somewhat the medical and nursing branches of the army and navy; for increasing the efficiency of both the army and the navy (not quite as much as it was hoped, more than some anti-militarists wanted); and specifically for rounding out the militia system first devised by Mr. Root when he was Secretary of War; for the prohibition of race-track betting in the District of Columbia; for the limitation of appeals on habeas corpus proceedings; for repealing the unfair statute applying the American coastwise laws to the Philippines; for voting to return the surplus Boxer indemnity to China; and (on the part of the Senate) for the confirmation of a number of important international agreements.

On the other hand, Congress cannot escape the responsibility incurred in

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increasing the already extravagant and pauperizing pension list; and in its failure to enact the bills providing for making campaign contributions public, modifying the unjust and dangerous provisions of the Sherman Law, limiting the issuance of injunctions, providing for the forest reserves and for the support of the Inland Waterways Commission, establishing a non-partisan and really effective Tariff Commission, starting a postal savings bank system, and giving form to President Roosevelt's recommendations regarding income and inheritance taxation.

Congress has wasted an immense amount of time in unimportant personal disputes and in partisan or factional tactics; unquestionably, too, Congress is becoming more extravagant not only of time but also of money. Nevertheless, the whole record, as we have outlined it, shows that it has recorded in law pretty fairly the progress which the country as a whole has made in public opinion. It has lagged somewhat, but it has by no means stood still. The prod that it needs is more direct responsibility to the people. There are men of insight and of leadership in both the Senate and the House; but it was only as some Representatives and Senators began to realize that they were about to ask again for the votes of their constituents that they did some of their most efficient work in lawmaking.

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The Spectator

The Spectator boarded an elevated train the other day and established himself on one of the seats running crosswise. The action proves that the hour was not one of those afflicted children of time denominated "rush." There were in fact very few people in the car, and those few acknowledged in their faces a certain unhurried serenity which it is good to observe in New York. Whether it be by mere force of contrast the Spectator cannot say, but to him there is a grateful sense of repose about a half-empty street-car, just as there is about a slowly moving automobile. He unbuttoned his coat and sat back in his corner, quite cheerfully at home. Then he looked around upon his companions, inquiring hopefully as to their natures.

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Two or three women with card-cases were evidently on their way to afternoon tea or to make calls. An old white-haired gentleman had bethought him of an errand he might as well do downtown. A shabby young man in spectacles, with the scholar's stoop to his shoulders, was bound for a second-hand bookshop. These individuals laid claim to the Spectator's respectful esteem and obtained it; but his heart went out in love to one member only of the peaceful coterie. That was a little girl of three or four years, who, with her mother and her doll, occupied the seat diagonally across the aisle, facing the Spectator.

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Surely a more winsome maid never dreamed with grave eyes of blue. She wore a close-fitting little white cap which held down the riotous mass of her curls but let a few wandering tendrils escape about her face and her neck. She was sitting erect by her mother's side, clasping her dolly absently, yet with a certain instinctive care, and gazing out of the window. The Spectator saluted that doll; he has sorely missed the agreeable race since the usurping advent of the Teddy bear.

❀

But the general charm of little girlhood was not all that lay in this child's face. The Spectator, watching her guardedly, averting his gaze every instant or so lest he draw her attention, perceived that she was in the thrall of some high imagination, utterly given over to a dream, carried out of herself. Her eyes were wide and grave and fixed, her rosy lips had fallen apart, she had forgotten her mother, her doll, all her material surroundings, in a beatific vision discerned among the traveling chimney-pots outside the car window. The Spectator has love for many kinds of people on this all-accomplished globe, but he cherishes a dreamer in his inmost heart. Therefore, when he understood the nature of this little girl's possession, he

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yielded his spirit gladly to hers and watched her reverently.

❀

By and by she began to sing, quite unconsciously, under her breath, her face lighting up a little. Her mother looked down at her and smiled; nobody else observed. The song was a wandering, random, childish affair, with no beginning or end. But it evidently expressed to the singer the soul of her secret meditation, for it grew in fervor and volume until it pierced the roar of the train and filled the car with quaint sweetness. People began to turn their heads and look at each other and smile. The white-haired gentleman dropped his paper, the women forsook their calling lists, the young man wiped his spectacles.

❀

As there is no prescribed age at which the poets reach their maturity, so many of them, as a matter of fact, never growing up at all, the Spectator sees no reason to doubt that the fortunate occupants of that car, speeding down Sixth Avenue that afternoon, were the witnesses of a right poetic ecstasy, the very sort of thing in kind which swept Shelley into his "Ode to the West Wind" and gave birth to Keats's "Nightingale." Higher and higher rose the strain, dominating all other sounds; wider grew the eyes of the child gazing through the window. She sat up straighter, she clasped her doll, she put back her head and sang. The Spectator is not ashamed to confess that he was thrilled through and through.

❀

Alas! however, the accomplished globe of which mention was made a few paragraphs back must always have its blunderers in every happy corner. While all the people but one in that car held their breath and sat motionless, that one found her pleasure in the child's song quite too much for her self-control. Her action came without any warning. If the Spectator had foreseen it, he thinks he would have throttled her first—amiable, estimable creature though she undoubtedly was. Beaming, her broad face creased into wrinkles of extreme delight, she gazed down on the singer, the very plumes on her bonnet nodding with gratification. Suddenly she put out her hand and laid it on the child's shoulder.

❀

"What a sweet little song! What a dear little girl! Tell me, dearie, how old are you? And what are you singing about?" The Spectator will not soon forget the frightened, bewildered look in the eyes of the poor little singer, rudely awakened, as she shrank back against her mother's side, away from the strange violating hand, all her beautiful vision dashed from her eyes, all her sweet music hushed. She did not cry; no, tears are not for such grave crises of the spirit; but she hid her face in her mother's arm, dazed, confounded, and the doll's pink-stockinged legs heaved above her heart. Really, the Spectator wonders now that he did not kill that woman, anyway, too late though it was. He might have saved some other poet's dream from shattering 'neath her hand. But perhaps a disdainful compassion restrained him. It was certainly evident that she deplored the effect of her action as soon as she grasped its calamitous nature, and clumsily tried to rectify her mistake.

❀

"Dear me! I guess I ought not to have spoken. I didn't mean to stop her, you know," glancing helplessly at the little girl's mother. "Dearie! Dearie! Please sing some more. I love to hear you. Begin again." Oh, yes! Shatter the vision, drag the poet down, break in on his rapture with glare and tumult; then beg his pardon and ask him please to go right on where he left off! The Spectator stood up and tore his hair (the language may be slightly figurative) and rent his garment in twain.

❀

The last that he saw of the little girl was her exit along the platform at Twenty-third Street. She was towed very gently by her mother, her doll in her arm, her face quite thoughtful and grave. What was she doing, the Spectator wondered, down there among the ruins of her dream? Was she making anything out of them? Even in ruins a dream is a dream; one must not throw the pieces away.

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WHAT CONGRESS HAS DONE

FROM A SPECIAL WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

THE first session of the Sixtieth Congress, which began on Monday, December 2, 1907, came to a close on May 30.

The number of bills introduced, nearly thirty thousand, broke all records. Of this number over three-quarters were introduced in the House of Representatives and less than a quarter in the Senate. The session has been one of large appropriations. The second session of the Fifty-ninth Congress made appropriations of $919,000,000. The appropriations for the session just closed slightly exceed a billion dollars—$1,008,000,000. Considerable uneasiness has been manifested by the leaders in Congress over this great increase, not because they particularly cared about spending the money, but because of the currency situation in the country and the state of the Treasury. Only a few days ago it was noted that, as against an excess of receipts over expenditures of $61,288,000 a year ago, there was now an excess of expenditures over receipts of $62,442,000. Here is a difference on the wrong side of the ledger of over $123,000,000. The Secretary of the Treasury in his annual report for last year estimated that he would have at the end of the year a surplus over expenditures of $42,000,000. Instead of that, there is an indicated deficiency of one and a half times that amount.

It was evident that in case of another panic the Treasury would not be able to go to the relief of the banks with $240,000,000 deposits of public money, as it did last year; and even when possessed of the information that gold was going abroad at the rate of one million dollars a day, Congress showed that it was almost incapable of reaching an agreement on the emergency currency bills.

The great trouble about bringing about an agreement was that most of the members of Congress lost the view that in this legislation all that was needed was a temporary bill for the issuance of currency that, at best, would not circulate for more than a few months, and unconsciously became involved in the first skirmish of the great Congressional contest of the future, whether there shall be a currency system based on bank assets or whether there shall be a central bank of issue. The Senate, which is understood to be generally opposed to a credit or asset currency and in favor of a central bank, passed a bill providing for emergency currency based on State, city, and county bonds. The House, in response to the wishes of the commercial bankers, who want a credit currency, succeeded in adding the asset feature to the Aldrich Bill, and passed the Vreeland Bill as a first step towards an asset currency. In the measure which finally emerged from the conference committee much of both bills is retained. That the committee fixed the life of the measure at six years indicated that a long-drawn-out contest between the friends of asset currency and a central bank is expected before the Currency Commission created by the bill makes its report.

Naturally, with a lack of appreciation by a Congress which would not pass a Postal Savings Bank Bill, of the great necessity for economy, extravagance in appropriations ran wild, despite declining revenues. The Public Building Bill carried finally an appropriation of no less than $32,000,000. For some of these buildings there is a National demand, and for a few a real and immediate necessity; but for much of this huge appropriation the only necessity is political.

The Sixtieth Congress obtained the name of a "do-nothing Congress" at this first session through its refusal to pass legislation urged by the President, especially that bearing on labor. It did pass a new Employers' Liability Bill, which is calculated to meet the objections of unconstitutionality raised by the Supreme Court of the United States to the Act of the Fifty-ninth Congress. This relates to common carriers doing an inter-State business, and deals with the question of contributory negligence on the part of

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the employee injured or losing his life. And the bill urged by the Administration establishing the right of employees of the Government employed in mechanical trades in the District of Columbia finally passed both houses.

With regard to other matters desired by labor organizations, one of the greatest contests of the session was over the question of changing the law in reference to injunctions, as they are employed against labor unions. The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States against labor organizations in the Danbury hatters' boycott, which found that labor organizations were amenable to the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, and that they could act just as much in restraint of inter-State trade as the Beef Trust or the Northern Securities Company, broadened the question, and the labor unions asked that a law be passed to take them out of the category of corporations that might restrain trade for profit, and also that the "conspiracy" feature in common law be stricken out of the statutes so far as they related to unions engaged in strike. The bill of the National Civic Federation, which left the labor unions under the common law and at the same time provided an opportunity for the corporations to obtain immunity from certain archaic features of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, and much more freedom of action if they took out a Federal charter, was introduced in both the Senate and House, and had the support of the President in principle. Unfortunately, no favorable consideration was given to this bill even in committee.

Against the demand of labor unions for legislation came the opposition of the manufacturers of the country, who assumed the exact methods of the unions. They were thoroughly organized. They had a fund for protection, just as the unions had; they made the threat to go into politics, just as the unions did, and they voiced a solid opposition to any modification of the general policy of the courts. The result was that Congressmen who had been somewhat alarmed at the threat of Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, to defeat them at the polls if they did not pass an anti-injunction bill, became encouraged in their opposition by the fact that the manufacturers were ready to fight the labor politicians with their own weapons. Thus the four or five appeals made to Congress by the President fell for the most part on deaf ears. The members of the House of the majority party held a conference and voted to defer action on anti-injunction legislation until next December.

A child labor law for the District of Columbia, having been urged by the President for several years, largely to give the force of example to the States, was passed.

Concerning legislation desired by the President with respect to capital, Congress has declined to increase Federal control over corporations. Such a measure as the Civic Federation Bill would be of the highest interest to all corporations doing an inter-State business, providing, as it would, for Government regulation and publicity. Such a law has been advocated by heads of many of the largest corporations, weary of the conflicting requirements of State corporation laws. An amendment of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law would have been quite as much in the interest of the public as for the benefit of either capital or labor, since the Sherman law in its present shape cannot be applied to large industrial or other organizations without producing commercial chaos. However, Congress has enacted one bill of a far more radical character in the limitation of capital, by which monopolistic holding of coal lands in Alaska is prevented by forbidding any corporation or individual to own more than 2,560 acres.

Concerning our other territorial possessions—Porto Rico, Hawaii, the Philippines—Congress has acted for the most part in both a narrow-minded and a niggardly manner.

The President's recommendations of Federal inheritance aud income tax measures failed to become law.

As to army and navy affairs, no action was taken by the Senate as a result of the investigation of the dismissal of the negro troops for the Brownsville shooting. The Senate Committee on Military Affairs failed to agree. Two bills were

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framed. One, the Warner bill, permitted the President, as commander-in-chief of the army, to reinstate any of the soldiers who could prove themselves innocent, and at the President's discretion. The other, the Foraker bill, provided for the restoration by affidavit, and made the post-commanders the judges. On Senator Foraker's own motion, consideration of this matter was postponed until next December. Naval legislation was marked by the promise of Congress to adopt a settled policy of increase and adhere to it until the navy is of sufficient strength to satisfy the country. This is the first time any such step has ever been taken. The increase involves two battle-ships a year. This came about through the effort of the President to have Congress authorize four battle-ships. Congress authorized two battle-ships, and left on record the recommendation to future Congresses to provide two each year thereafter. The much-discussed inquiry by the Senate Naval Committee as to structural defects in our battle-ships amounted to nothing, in so far as the late session of Congress was concerned, since the Committee made no report of its findings. A bill to increase the pay of the army and navy was passed, as was also the Widows' Pension Bill and a measure to reorganize the medical department of the army.

In this connection it is interesting to note that a bill was passed increasing the efficiency of the Life Saving Service.

Both branches of Congress passed resolutions authorizing the Ways and Means Committee of the House and the Finance Committee of the Senate to sit separately and prepare data on which to base a revision of the tariff. The Senate Committee will sit during the summer and employ both Government and outside experts, and will, furthermore, make inquiry with special reference to reciprocity. The House Committee will employ only Government experts, and will do no work until after the election! The effort to create a non-partisan expert Tariff Commission failed, the members of Congress objecting to delegating their powers to non-members. A strong appeal was made by the American Newspaper Publishers' Association to have the duty on print paper and wood pulp removed, and also to have the paper-makers of the country declared a combination in restraint of trade. The special committee of the House which investigated the matter found that there were two sides to the question, and that the publishers themselves were divided as to whether the removal of the duty would reduce the cost of paper. A majority of the committee refused to recommend such a change at this time.

The bill providing for the publicity of campaign funds did not become a law. While it was being urged by the Democrats in the House, the Republicans amended the bill in such a way as to provide for an investigation of the suppression of the negro vote in the Southern States, looking to reducing Southern representation in Congress and the Electoral College, and in that form passed the bill. The Democrats voted solidly against it. Of course the effect of this was to kill the bill, and it is suspected that that was the purpose of the amendment. In the Senate the bill was not even reported from the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections.

Congress refused to repeal that part of the Railway Rate Law known as the "commodity clause," which makes it unlawful for any railway to mine and transport coal, or engage in any business but transportation. The only relief those railways that have large coal holdings can get must come from the courts, and a test case is now being prepared.

The Senate passed a bill providing a subsidy for mail-carrying steamships on the Pacific, applying to sixteen-knot ships the same rates now given to the twenty-knot American Line on the Atlantic, but in the House it was repeatedly defeated, mostly by the votes of Republicans from the Middle West.

Concerning the country's natural resources more information is needed. This lack is perhaps most marked concerning our natural resource in water, as shown by the increased demands upon our waterways both by navigation and by electric power generated from water. Last autumn, therefore, some time before Congress convened, the President appointed an Inland Waterways Commission. He hoped that Con-

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gress would perpetuate this Commission. But Congressmen showed themselves hostile. They suspected that the Commission's plan would ultimately involve the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars. The other day the President said to the Governors at the White House Conference, "The Inland Waterways Commission ought to be perpetuated, but if Congress does not see fit to do so I shall do it myself." The next day the House appropriated the needed $20,000. The Senate, however, refused even that small sum. Nor was Congress sufficiently alive to actual necessities to create its own commission.

A natural resource which ought to be coupled with water in any discussion or legislation is wood. The conservation of our forests has come to be a necessity, not only to supply us with timber, but to act as a storage for water. Although the Senate passed a bill to create National forests on the watersheds in the White Mountain and Appalachian regions, the House declined to pass it, creating instead a commission to inquire further into the matter, although the Secretary of Agriculture had last autumn made a comprehensive report. This delay of another year in settling a question which has now occupied Congress for too many years will delight some private lumber interests, especially those in the White Mountains, with their daily cut of three hundred acres of timber. Five years of this policy will bring an end to timber on those slopes. Another generation may see the end of all our timber. The total loss in unwise timber-cutting and in consequent flood devastation to New England and the Southern States by a year's delay in passing this bill may reach two hundred million dollars.

A third great natural resource is found in our mines, and here Congress made a good record. It took a first step in the matter of investigating mining methods so as both to promote economy in them and to prevent disaster to human life. Much of the appropriation of $150,000 made for this purpose will be used by the United States Geological Survey for the purpose of establishing an experimental station of mines, to be located probably at Pittsburgh. Experiments will there be made which are expected to clear up the mystery of mine-explosions, four instances of which within a year have cost more than a thousand lives. Mr. John Mitchell, the labor leader, at the recent White House Conference justly pointed out that such legislation has a direct bearing not more on the preservation of one great natural resource than on the preservation of our greatest natural resource—human life.

In dealing with foreign affairs Congress exhibited a desire for economy that would have been much more suitable if it had been directed toward some matters nearer home. It failed, for example, to pass any of the measures providing for the acquirement of diplomatic and consular residences in foreign cities. It did carry out, however, the far-sighted policy of John Hay and Elihu Root, by providing for the remission of a part of the indemnity due to America from China because of damages suffered by us in the Boxer atrocities of 1900.

The Senate ratified no less than thirty-seven treaties during the session. Of these, eleven were arbitration treaties with Great Britain, Japan, France, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Mexico, Portugal, Netherlands, Sweden, and Denmark. Astounding as it may seem, the Berlin wireless treaty, requiring ships and stations equipped with wireless apparatus of different systems to receive one another's messages, was not ratified, although warmly urged by all the departments of the Government interested in its workings. Of the other treaties approved, eleven resulted from the Hague Peace Conference of last summer. Naturalization treaties have been concluded with Portugal, Peru, and Salvador; while the territory available as asylum for fugitives from justice has been further restricted through extradition treaties with Spain, Portugal, and Uruguay. Finally, a century and a quarter of dispute concerning certain Canadian questions may have been brought to satisfactory adjustment by the agreement concerning the boundary and the fisheries. As a whole, the Senate at this session has placed its approval on more treaties than were ratified during the entire twenty years preceding.

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The Silent Keeper of the Gate

BY HERBERT FRANCIS SHERWOOD

THE United States has a silent "keeper of the gate" that stands on guard at the sources of immigration. It is the right arm of the American custodian of the keys. Like the "keeper" who opens and closes the door at Ellis Island, it is a humane warder. It is known, for instance, that last year it saved more than 65,000 persons the humiliation, the expense of time and money, and the discomfort involved in the closing upon them of the door on the American shore. And one may not estimate the number who, because of this silent-tongued watcher that "neither slumbers nor sleeps," have never left their "sheltered cots" to meet with the disappointment that surely would have been theirs. What is this keeper? It is one hundred and fourteen words in the immigration laws, which, reduced to ordinary English by the process of elimination, declare that "if it shall appear . . . that any alien so brought to the United States was afflicted with any of the said diseases or disabilities (idiocy, imbecility, epilepsy, tuberculosis, or a 'loathsome or dangerous contagious disease') at the time of embarkation, and that the existence of such . . . might have been detected by means of a competent medical examination at such time . . . such transportation line, etc., shall pay . . . the sum of one hundred dollars for each and every violation." And by its side in the rôle of assistant warder stands that other group of words which provides that every rejected immigrant shall be returned at the expense of the steamship company which brought him.

One does not need to cross the Atlantic in order to obtain ocular evidence of the activity of this long-armed keeper. It is only necessary to stand in the gallery of the painfully barren, albeit wholesomely sanitary, judgment hall at Ellis Island. The stream of men, women, and children, encumbered with many burdens, toils up the stairway and, like a dark thread of water feeling its way across a dry floor, moves slowly and uncertainly along. It approaches the physician of the United States Marine Hospital service waiting at an angle of the iron-railed passageway in spruce, square-cut, and much-braided blue uniform. Off goes one hat after another. Faces are turned up expectantly. There seems to be no astonishment on the part of the immigrant when the uniformed official deftly turns back his eyelids. This has happened so many times before that he has become accustomed to it and recognizes it as a part of the process of getting into America.

The machinery of transferring an immigrant from his native heath to the United States has been shaped by this vigilant watchman whose direct authority extends only three miles from our shore, but whose selective finger is all-powerful unto the uttermost parts of the earth. The "rough-hewing" by which it accomplishes its ends is illustrated by the experience of one steamship company which undertook to enter the profitable emigrant trade. Not realizing the importance of booking only those who were certain to be passed at Ellis Island, perhaps because of a lack of familiarity with the American law and the business, it accepted for passage any one whom its agents, hungry for commissions, forwarded to it. On a day in May, 1906, one of its vessels steamed into the beautiful harbor of the home port in Southern Europe. When the gangway had been placed, three hundred and eighty peasants of a dozen Central and Southern European races descended, carrying their baggage. They were the rejected of the shipload that had sailed out of the harbor two months before with high hopes of a prosperous future in what was to them the El Dorado of the world. The time consumed by the return voyage was ample for their reflections upon their fate to ripen into plans for obtaining redress. Headed by threescore and ten of the stalwart and high-spirited Montenegrins,

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sometimes styled the "Afghans of Europe," the battalion of the nations straggled through the streets of the city to the offices of the company. They demanded the refund of their passage money and compensation for the two months of time consumed in the voyage to America and back. Their claims were not allowed. The reply was not received with graciousness on the part of the much-traveled claimants. Their belief in the justice of their demands had become too fixed by frequent exchange of opinions in the course of the voyage for them to accept calmly the decision. The attitude of the mongrel company on this point quickly manifested itself in the faces of the leaders. Perhaps in that fleeting moment the clerks remembered that these leaders were representatives of a nation which, for all the smallness of its numbers, had snapped its fingers at Napoleon, and the "Little Corporal" had preferred to have Montenegro an ally rather than an enemy. Even if they did not know this, or had never read Tennyson's lines upon the "mighty mountaineers," "arm'd by day and night,"

"... warriors beating back the swarm
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,"

they saw enough to make them slam and lock the office doors in the faces of the horde of primitives. Then the spirit of the "Afghans" broke loose, and the frightened officials telephoned for the police, in the hope that they would arrive in time to save the doors as well as the physical well-being of the office staff. Only by the aid of manacles were the sons of "Great Tsernagoro" incarcerated in the dungeon keep of the city to await such a time as they might be started on their way to their native Black Mountain. It was this experience and another one which concerned two hundred and sixty emigrants rejected at New York, at a loss to the steamship company reported to be $15,000, that revealed to this company the power of the silent keeper. No longer are those who are likely to be deported accepted for passage to the United States.

The immigrants enter America in two great streams. One has its rise among the historic hills of Palestine and receives tributaries from the ports of Greece, the Adriatic, Italy, and the Azores. Its course lies over the blue waters of the Mediterranean and between the Pillars of Hercules.

The other stream trickles across Russia to the shores of the Baltic and the German border. In ancient Poland and on the wooded slopes of the Carpathian Mountains the chief tributaries have their source. These are made up of Slavic men who have toiled long on the land without making headway; of kerchiefed maids and matrons of the same race who have roughened their fingers, their faces, and their voices in the fields and go in search of husbands or to join them, and well-nigh destitute Jews attempting to escape their poverty and political persecution at the same time. Across Germany, in well-worn converging courses, these rivers of humanity take their way to the ports of the North Sea—Hamburg, Bremen, Rotterdam, and Antwerp. As the broad stream sets out over the waters of the North Atlantic it is joined by the Scandinavians, English, Welsh, Scotch, and Irish.

The emigrants from the Slavic countries who join this stream have an experience unlike that of those who travel by the Mediterranean route. They learn their fate before they reach the coast. Germany is particular in regard to the migration sweeping across the Empire, especially that coming from Russia. At many points on the eastern border where railways enter, "control stations" have been established. Such, by way of illustration, may be found at Eydtkuhnen and Thorn on the Russian border of Prussia, and at Myslowitz, the meeting-place of the three empires. At the control stations all third and fourth class passengers are obliged to stop and declare their purpose in entering the country. If they are emigrants, they receive a physical examination and are sent in special cars directly to the ports from which they intend to sail. Except at the control station at Ruhleben, near Berlin, they are not permitted to leave the train while in transit.

The machinery at Myslowitz, through which one hundred thousand emigrants pass in the course of a year, is typical. For the average traveler the chief inter-

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est of this German city, with a name of un-German sound and a population about that of New Rochelle, New York, is its geographical position. Fronting on the boundaries of Russia, it stands at the entering in of the trunk line from Bucharest and Odessa. A river—according to the European definition—having the width of a creek and looking like a canal, serves to inform the armed frontier guards of the different countries which is home soil and which foreign territory. An American, unaccustomed to sharply enforced boundary lines, is treated to a curious sensation when he stands at the union of the two "rivers" which define the Russian wedge between Germany and Austria, and realizes that to attempt to swim either stream, across which he could easily throw a stone, might endanger his life. The reputation that the guns of the Russian guards have for going off at the least provocation makes one conclude that a lunch on the piazza of the inn in the park overlooking the two easterly empires is likely to be more enjoyable than an attempt to imitate Lord Byron on a small scale by breasting the wavelets of either of these tributaries of the Vistula. Not a few emigrants, however, unable to obtain passports, venture to leave Russia in this way.

In the course of one visit to the third-class quarters of the steamer on which I returned to America last August, I came upon a young Russian lying on his bunk with his coat off. He was not the type of man an American would think of as Russian. Indeed, everything about him from the neat sack suit and silver watch-chain to the strong face reminded one of a well-balanced young American who had saved one or two thousand dollars by moderate living and application to his trade. We fell into conversation, for it developed that he had been studying English for three years and practicing it among the English-speaking sailors who frequented the Black Sea port where he lived. The son of parents comparatively well-to-do, he had had a high school education.

"I am a machinist," said he. "Russia is not good for a person to learn anything. I thought to come to America to learn more about my trade. I came to Granitza and tried to get a passport to leave, but the officer said I could not have a passport. 'We want young men like you to stay in the country,' he said. I was told I could not leave the country, that I might be shot if I did. The second night, with forty others, I started to leave. We scattered, going in different directions. I swam the river toward Myslowitz. I do not know whether the others escaped or not."

The detention of the emigrants at Myslowitz is for only a few hours. As they leave the trains they are escorted to a neighboring inclosure by a gendarme. Entering a plain brick building, they pass in single file along a passage which conducts them before a representative of the steamship companies and a gendarme. To the clerk the emigrants give up their money and such documents pertaining to the journey as they possess, and their names are taken. Their papers, a railway ticket to the port of embarkation, and the balance of their money, after the fare has been deducted, are returned to them later. In an adjoining room the silent keeper performs its duty, all of the emigrants being examined there by a physician.

Late in the afternoon a train of coaches of the third class, having wooden seats and no facilities for sleeping, is drawn up on the switch beside the station. The cars are labeled with signs indicating their destination. One, perhaps, is for the Polish women who are going to Hamburg. The following is for men of the same race, and is also labeled "Hamburg." The third car, according to the sign, is destined for Bremen, and will be occupied by Jews.

One by one the emigrants file out through the doorway of the station, past an official who examines all tickets. The women, many of them with flocks of children trudging alongside and arms and hands occupied by angular hand-baggage, laboriously climb aboard, and stow away their children on the hard seats and their boxes on the racks overhead. The men have less difficulty in settling themselves. Their bags are quickly disposed of, seats selected, and cigarettes lighted. As the light of the setting sun glistens along the rails before them, a promising omen

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for the future in the land in the West, the tiny whistle on the locomotive is sounded, and the second stage of the journey toward America is begun. They will be weary before they reach the sea, however, for although the distance between Myslowitz and Hamburg is no greater than that between New York and Buffalo, they will be two days on the train.

The conditions under which emigrants are obliged to travel have often been criticised. "Man's inhumanity to man" has been an apt phrase in describing them. Although altruism does not rule in the business of transporting emigrants, and the conditions on some ships are bad, yet one is convinced, after studying the manner of handling them in Europe and on shipboard, that, generally speaking, there is a steady improvement. While laws, public opinion, and feelings of humanity have played their part, there has been also, I believe, another element in obtaining this gain. Many emigrants are more discriminating than they are given credit for being by Americans. Some of the steamship companies, I think, realize that it is worth while to make the emigrant comfortable in his transit from shore to shore.

In the third class of the steamer on which I returned from Europe was a lantern-jawed Jew of thirty years, bound from Warsaw to Paterson, New Jersey. He had friends in the "Silk City" who would get work for him at his trade of silk-weaving.

"Do you like the ship?" I asked.

"I think it is the best there is," he replied in English, which he was studying in his spare moments from a Yiddish-English book. "I like it very well. My friend in Paterson crossed from Bremen. He did not like that line, and told me to come on this steamer."

This improvement is especially pronounced in the accommodations provided at the port of embarkation. It is quite essential that there shall be provision made for the shelter and feeding of the emigrants until the steamer sails. Many cannot time their arrival at the port to coincide exactly with the departure of the steamer.

At the majority of ports the travelers are cared for in private boarding-houses. At the others the steamship companies furnish the accommodations themselves. In Italy the boarding-houses prevail. These are under the paternal eye of the national government, and are inspected from time to time. Under the law there must be a given amount of air space for each person, and the amount and quality of food which shall be served are duly specified. At Trieste and Hamburg the steamship companies maintain quarters for those awaiting the departure of their vessels. At Fiume a large building of the most improved kind has just been erected by the Hungarian Government at a cost of $400,000 to take the place of the admittedly bad boarding-houses which have served heretofore.

Probably the most perfect institution in the world for the care of emigrants is the "Auswanderer Hallen," erected within the last few years at the Veddel, a suburb of Hamburg, by the Hamburg-American Line. It is the shell of a miniature city equipped to satisfy every desire, whether physical, æsthetic, or spiritual, of four thousand souls. Its two-score or more neat buildings, its green plats and flower-beds, occupy an inclosed area more than twice as large as Madison Square, New York City, or above fourteen acres, and cost approximately half a million dollars. One wonders how it was constructed for such a modest sum, for everything appears to be the best of its kind.

It is an illustration of the scientific method of supplying the needs of life. In this odd city, whose population changes on an average every three days, the inhabitants are lodged in large, light, well-ventilated dormitories, equipped with neat galvanized bedsteads, and fed in common dining-rooms with food cooked in large kitchens in a most scientific and cleanly style. It has its Jewish as well as its Christian quarter, and provision is made for supplying *kosher* food to the Jews. The different races as well as the two sexes and those of different ages are housed separately. A water system; a sewerage system in which the sewage is disinfected in the most approved manner before it is disposed of; an electric light system; a

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large bath-house provided with showers and tubs placed in individual compartments lined with white tile; and a disinfecting plant to which has been added a device for protecting baggage against damage from live steam, are features of this complete community shelter. Is one of the inhabitants ill, there is a hospital with a resident physician and a nurse attached to care for him. If the disease is a contagious one, there are special hospitals provided with modern equipment for his isolation and care. There are post and telegraph offices; a money exchange; a canteen; two hotels for the accommodation of those who wish to live in a more secluded manner and are willing to pay a mark, or twenty-four cents, a day, extra for it; and two clothing stores, one for the sale of men's clothing, the other for women's attire, indicated by pictorial signs which any one can interpret regardless of literacy or language. The process of Americanization is hastened by daily concerts given by a band of twenty-four instruments. The ears of the transient inhabitants are regaled with music while awaiting the sailing of the steamer, and the parting from the home shore is speeded with American airs. To add literally to the gayety of the nations, a dance is held on the evening before the vessel is to depart.

This curious city also has an art gallery, if one may so speak of the collection of sixteen mural pictures which occupy the spaces between the windows on the exterior walls of the two hotels. The paintings have this in common with not a few masterpieces—the name of the artist is lost in oblivion. When one inquires who painted this series of pictures of Russian and European scenery, and the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, one is told that the name of the painter has been forgotten. Four years ago, they say, a Russian emigrant, evidently far above the average, came to the Auswanderer Hallen. Having little money, he could not go forward to America, but was obliged to wait for a remittance which he expected. Three months passed before it came. He occupied his time painting the pictures.

As I have said, the spiritual life is not forgotten. In a prominent spot, surrounded by grass-plots and trees, is a combination church. Beneath its roof are two auditoriums, one dedicated to the use of Roman Catholics and the other set apart for Protestants. The Catholic church is equipped with all the paraphernalia required by the ritual, and masses are said four times a week. In the Jewish section is a synagogue.

Each "citizen" pays about forty cents a day for the benefits of the Auswanderer Hallen. The institution is valuable to the steamship company also. It serves to keep the emigrant in a contented frame of mind and good physical condition, which is desirable, for there is always the silent keeper with which to reckon.

When I visited the Auswanderer Hallen last summer, there was only one perceptible flaw. It had no close connection with the remainder of the world. The emigrants were obliged to toil up an incline from some point not visible, like Christian, with their burdens on their backs. Fortunately, also like Christian, once within the gate they could lay down the burdens—to be troubled with them no more until they climbed the stairs at Ellis Island.

No sooner does the emigrant reach the Auswanderer Hallen than he finds himself for a second time face to face with the silent keeper. The gates close upon him and he is within the "unclean" part of the little city. Before he can enter into the "clean" portion, where he will be obliged to remain until the day of embarkation, he must once more be examined by a physician. Before this takes place, however, he is registered and his papers are inspected. Here is a man from the Bukowina wearing wrinkled homespun. From beneath the sheepskin-lined overcoat, which fails by many inches to cover the long-skirted undercoat, he drags a flat, rectangular bag whose front is embroidered with a geometrical design in all the colors of the rainbow. From its depths he pulls his steamship ticket and money. Behind him is a man who reminds one of Markham's "Man with the Hoe." The trustful, childlike expression in his eyes, the worn and seamed face, the whole attitude of dependence, mark him as physically a

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man who has toiled hard and long upon the soil, but mentally as a child who will never mature. He is a Ruthenian, and typical of his fellow-peasants. They are among the most illiterate of American immigrants. He takes off his hat, and, approaching an official in uniform, inquires about his ticket. In response to a question he tells of two married daughters in Manitoba with whom he will spend the remainder of his days and "work no more." Having received the desired information, he bends over and kisses the back of the interpreter's hand in gratitude.

The medical examination over, the emigrants are considered "clean" and are permitted to join those who already have passed the inspection.

Strange tongues greet the ears of the newcomers to this polyglot community. Perhaps for the childlike Ruthenian this is the first holiday since that day in the far past when, with wreaths of artificial flowers upon his hat, he went with a buxom maid, tricked out in gay dress and tinseled headgear, to the priest to be married. Another, in the surcease from the unwonted excitement of travel, finds time to sit down and think of the wife and barefooted children who are, perhaps, even this moment leaving their straw-thatched hut on the slope of the Carpathians to toil on his slender acreage with hoe or sickle, and dreaming of the great things he is to do for them in the new land.

The throng lounging up and down the graveled streets is far more refreshing to the eye than an Easter parade on Fifth Avenue. No thick veil hides the heart here. One easily penetrates to the sources of the smiles on the faces of the kerchiefed maids standing in front of the unmarried women's pavilion. And one has an opportunity to sympathize with the young Lettish women who are weeping because this is the twenty-first day since they arrived here and no money has yet come for them. Their faces are a striking contrast to that of the young Russian who was last seen in Myslowitz. His money, for which he was waiting, has come, and he will sail on the next steamer, he says with a laugh.

Over near the grass plot stands a group of Finlanders. Two or three of the women have the puffed eyelids and dull eyes of persons who have wept so long that the tears will not flow. One of the number, a fine-looking man wearing a Russian cap, is addressing them. He is discussing their plight. This company has come from a single village. They were neighbors at home. Before they started they sold all that they possessed and gave their money to the steamship agent. The agent provided them with tickets for Hamburg and told them that they would find steamship tickets awaiting them there. They reached Hamburg a week ago, but no money for tickets has been received from the agent. The steamship company has endeavored to get in communication with him. They have just learned that he has probably absconded with the money which represents their all in life. The company will send them back home, where they can tell their story to the police of their own country. The strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner," which at that moment smite the air, are simply mockeries to this company of "desirable" emigrants.

Having seen the medical inspection which is made again just before the steamer sails, we turn our eyes toward Italy, the country in which the servitors of the silent keeper are American physicians in the employ of the United States Government instead of Europeans in the service of the steamship companies Italy is the only country in which the United States performs this service for the carriers. The Italian Government being especially solicitous about the welfare of its emigrating citizens, it was easy to bring about co-operation. The physicians of the United States Marine Hospital Service, in order that they may have an artificial status, are attached to the consulates, nominally, as quarantine officers. As the law places the responsibility for undesirable immigration upon the steamship companies, these physicians officially only advise as to whether an emigrant shall go forward or not. Of course their advice is invariably accepted, and those who are rejected by them do not start for the United States.

Giuseppe has decided to try his luck in America. His brother, who went a few months before, has written that he

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will send a ticket. As no Italian emigrant may leave his country without a passport to the country whither he would go, he applies to the village authorities for one. In Italy all data pertaining to a citizen's relations and contacts with the body politic, such as the performance of military service, commission of crime, and the punishment, if any, which has been meted out, are deposited in the commune in which he was born. The syndic, or mayor, of the community, having obtained all the information regarding Giuseppe to be had at his birthplace, if his record is satisfactory, sends the application, accompanied by a *nulla osta*, or "no objection," to the provincial authorities. The *nulla osta* contains a description of the physical appearance of Giuseppe and the report of the officer in command of his military district as to whether there is any objection to his going from the country on the ground of military service. Italy's intention is to give no passport to a man whose record would be objectionable to the country of his destination. The United States objects to immigrants with criminal records. Evidently the intention is evaded occasionally.

But Giuseppe is not a criminal, only a peasant, with a wife and a couple of children, endeavoring to maintain life on twenty cents a day. There is no objection to his going, and one morning, with a little money and the ticket sent over from America in his pocket, he goes to the railway station, accompanied by his wife and children. They are going to "see him off." Dressed in his best clothes, he finds at the station a half-dozen others also bound for America and wearing their "good clothes." There are no tears at the parting. Why should there be sorrow? Is he not going where money is plentiful? Is it not rather an occasion for rejoicing than otherwise? The engineer toots the little whistle in response to the ringing of the station agent's "breakfast bell" and the blast from the conductor's brass post horn. This European ceremonial having been enacted, the train ambles out of the station after the easy-going fashion of most Italian trains.

In the course of twenty-four hours Giuseppe reaches Naples. At the railway station a representative of the steamship line for whose steamer he has a ticket directs him to one of the numerous boarding-houses. The steamer is to sail the following day, so, according to the paternal Italian emigration law, his stay at the boarding-house is at the expense of the steamship company. As he looks in at the room he is to occupy he is not aware that the fact that it is clean and not overcrowded with beds is due to the supervision of the Government. He sits down at the table in the dining-room, and the meal served to him is perhaps better than any he ever ate before. He does not know that the size and quality of the piece of meat, the other wholesome dishes, and the decanter of wine are due to the fatherly Government, which has prescribed what he shall have to eat, and, moreover, that the food shall be prepared in a cleanly fashion.

It is the day of sailing. One of the brisk showers which suddenly present themselves and as suddenly withdraw in Naples in early June has just washed the streets of the city. The sun is shining hotly from the famous blue sky that vaults the equally famous blue waters of the Gulf of Naples. All is bustle. The baggage has been inspected and disinfected. Giuseppe and his fellow-travelers at the boarding-house have been conducted to the *dogana* where he and they are to be examined and embarked. The line slowly passes the United States Hospital physician. With some anxiety Giuseppe awaits the verdict. He has been told about the examination, so he removes his hat, lifts his face, and steels himself against the turning back of the eyelids in search of trachoma. It is all over in an instant, and he is propelled forward to a table where his inspection card is duly stamped with the American consular seal. Then he is passed through a door into the presence of Italian officials, who ask for his passport. They assure themselves by visual and oral examination that he is the person described in the pamphlet-like document, and he is once more passed on, his passport being retained temporarily for further inspection. Once outside the building he finds himself beneath a wide curved metal

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roof extending well down to the edge of the wharf. The space, bounded by picket fences on either side, is alive with short, stocky, brown-faced men, energetic women wearing no hats, and mature-looking children. Sturdy Neapolitans drawing trucks laden with baggage force their way through the crowd.

Over at one side by the fence he sees a young man with budding mustache and a neatly dressed woman with hair combed high bending over several pieces of hand-baggage. They are brother and sister. The woman has been rejected by the medical officials. She has slipped through a hole in the fence just behind her, and they are rearranging their effects in accordance with the official's ruling. The brother will go to America. The sister will return home. Guiseppe is thankful that he was not rejected, but does not see in the incident an illustration of the phrase, "The one shall be taken, the other left," for his knowledge of Holy Writ is limited. He sees himself entering into the joys of a new land flowing with milk and honey.

From time to time barges laden with passengers or baggage put off and go alongside the steamship lying moored a few rods away. He himself is soon climbing the steep gangway leading to the deck. There he finds, somewhat to his surprise, that he must again undergo the examination of the eyes. Had he understood why the ship's doctor questioned the man next in advance, obliging him to wait the while, he would have understood the reason for another inspection. He did not know that occasionally a man who is unfit physically has a robust acquaintance pass the examination for him, he slipping aboard from a small boat with the inspection card of his substitute in hand. It has been discovered that the man in front has trachoma. His inspection card has not been stamped. When questioned, he only says that he did not know why the seal was not placed upon it.

Nor did Giuseppe know that the two men watching him while he was "frisked" for his knife, which was thrown into a box on the deck with hundreds of others, were detectives watching for criminals. He has passed all the cordons and is to have an opportunity to try the last gate at Ellis Island.

A TRIAL IN A COAL MINE

BY PHILIPPE MILLET

American Correspondent of the Paris Figaro

IS America going to experience this year a new coal strike? Are the three hundred thousand miners of the bituminous coal fields on the eve of as bitter a fight as that of the anthracite miners of 1902?

Such were my thoughts while I was driving to B——, one of the most important coal mines of South Illinois. Of course I did not take this trip for the mere pleasure of admiring the landscape. What roads! The mud was so high that my one-eyed horse had to walk the whole time, and, after traveling for seven miles through the loneliest country on earth, I was nearly as dirty as the poor fellow himself. Still I went on steadily. I knew I would learn in B—— the true inwardness of the trade agreements which have maintained industrial peace for ten years, and which now seem on the point of being broken.

Nothing in the world is more remarkable than the trade agreement system which the United Mine Workers of America, under the leadership of John Mitchell, have established throughout this country. Up to 1898 war was continuous in the bituminous field; strikes and lockouts occurred nearly every day, and it was not infrequent to hear of a battle where some miners or strike-breakers had been killed. Since 1898 the United Mine Workers and the Operators have met regularly in joint conventions and signed trade agreements settling all conditions of labor for a specified length of time. The system

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began in the so-called Central competitive field of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Western Pennsylvania, was soon adopted by the Mississippi States (Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Missouri), and spread all over the Union up to Washington, Montana, and Wyoming. Not a single important disturbance has taken place in these fields for ten years; the bituminous coal miners kept their contracts even during the anthracite strike of 1902. I do not think any labor union in Europe has ever carried out a policy of so wide a scope.

Is it possible that such a system is to be upset in the near future, and that such an enormous industry will go back to the former useless and cruel warfare?

It was chiefly to answer this question that I went to B——, in South Illinois. I had heard from Mr. Mitchell himself and from the Illinois State officers, Secretary W. G. Ryan and President John Walker, that if I cared to see how the agreement system is working, the best thing I could do was to watch the B—— trial. A short time before, the men of this mining camp had shut down their mine for three whole weeks, and a joint commission, composed as usual of the Commissioner of the Illinois Coal Operators' Association and of Mr. John Walker himself, was making its way there through the mud to try the case. I heard also that this mining camp was a typical one, in which I would find as many Italians as American-born miners; by visiting their homes I could get the correct idea of the well-being which these men owe to the trade agreements.

A huge red tower rising alone in the middle of the fields and surrounded by smoke—such was the first appearance of the mine when I discovered it through the drizzle. A train at least half a mile long was running slowly on the single track that seemed to connect this remote place with civilization. As I came nearer, several rows of small gray houses appeared before the train and beyond the tall red building; they were so tiny and so uniform that I could not believe I was looking at human habitations, but fancied I had come across a new kind of mushroom.

The village was full of idle miners in a great state of excitement while awaiting the joint Commission which had not yet arrived. I hastened to make friends with a little man who expressed himself willing to show me his home.

"Well," he said, laughingly, "you will see how fine is my sweet home; come along, my friend."

Old Daddy Tom had a white beard that made him appear like the genius of the mine. He was the son of a Scotchman but had been born in America, had served as a soldier in the Civil War, and could talk a lot about the history of the American coal miners.

"I tell you, my son," he began again, "I have seen great changes in our mines since I lost two fingers in fighting on the Potomac!"

Quite a nice little home he had. It was certainly not a mushroom, but a neat and comfortable one-story cottage. It was surrounded by a private yard where a few chickens and a hog seemed to be enjoying life. A covered porch led into the kitchen. There were only four rooms, but everything was clean and decently furnished. One of the bedrooms was for Daddy Tom and his wife, the other for his two younger sons, and both beds and blankets looked as if they were new. A splendid stove was heating the kitchen, and the table was covered with a cloth. In the little parlor I was given a comfortable rocking-chair to admire the several colored photographs hanging on the walls, and later I had to play for Daddy Tom on his piano, which was certainly not bad at all. He and his smiling wife, both equally well dressed, said that they were paying nine dollars a month to the company and did not complain about such a high rent. Nowhere in Europe have I ever found in a miner's home such a deal of comfort.

"Are the Italian miners as well off as the Americans?"

Old Daddy Tom hesitated at this question. However, he remembered that he had an Italian friend living near by, and took me over there.

Have you ever walked from Broadway to the Bowery? Such was the contrast that struck me when I came from that American home to the Italian one. No

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yard, no entrance porch, but a small, square little house where all the rooms were filthy. The only decent piece of furniture was the kitchen stove. The bedrooms, used as lumber-rooms, were filled with broken trunks, broken chairs, and rusty clothes. An awful statuette of the Virgin was presiding over this untidiness, and the only ornament of the dining-room was a yellowish photograph of an Italian soldier with a fierce mustache. The man, who had come from the Piedmont thirty years ago, could talk a little English, but his wife, a small, black, shy Roman, spoke none at all.

"That's the trouble with those fellows," said Daddy Tom, when he left this house. "Of course they make good wages; this man earns two dollars and fifty-six cents a day; but they don't take to our American ways."

He explained that the Italians, as well as the Hungarians, begin to wash only after they have been in America for two generations.

We were just arriving at the place where the Commission was holding its meeting. Before leaving me old Daddy Tom put his hand on my shoulder and said, paternally:

"Nevertheless, you would not recognize even those Italians if you had come to this place ten years ago, before we made our agreements with the company. In that time, I tell you, my son, life was unbearable for us. We were working such long hours that we were too tired on Sunday to get off our beds, and yet we earned so little that women and children had to go around and beg from the bosses. Now everything has been changed. We have doubled our wages, and we work only eight hours a day. All the comfort you have seen in my house is only ten years old; and ten years ago you would not have found such a stove in an Italian home. That's what I told these fools last month when they broke the agreement."

I thanked him, and entered the house where the trial was on.

An extraordinary crowd was waiting in the hall. Americans with energetic features, Poles with unkempt beards, Hungarians with prominent cheek-bones, tall negroes, and then all varieties of the Italian type, from the small, black, restless Sicilians to the big and cool Piedmontese, they seemed to have come from all parts of the world. Some of them were dressed in old, worn-out clothes, which had certainly belonged once upon a time to some wealthy man, and had fallen eventually on the shoulders of these poor devils; some others were clad in their working overalls, and wore high caps on which I could see the hook for their mining lamp; others, again, were very decently dressed, had a derby, a collar and a necktie, and looked more like clerks than like miners. All races, all classes of society, seemed to be represented in these hundreds, and I felt as if I were visiting the Tower of Babel.

In the main room court had already been convened. Mr. John Walker was acting as Chairman, while the Commissioner of the coal operators was sitting beside the general manager of the mine, Mr. S——, who had come down to B—— for the same purpose. A few men surrounded them. Here was the pit boss, a young and rather handsome fellow, smoking his corncob pipe; on the other side were the three members of the pit committee, who represented the local Union; five or six other men had been called in as witnesses.

This was really a most typical case. The Illinois State agreement provides that all local grievances shall be referred first to the pit boss and the pit committee, secondly to the superintendent of the mine and the sub-district officers of the United Mine Workers; and eventually, if they fail to adjust the matter, to the district officers and the heads of the company. In no case are the men allowed to quit work during the dispute. Now, the men of this local union, after quarreling with the pit boss, had actually struck for three weeks. Were they right or wrong? Had they disregarded or misunderstood the agreement with the company? At any rate, this case would show how the officers of the United Mine Workers are enforcing the contract.

The first witness who spoke was a German. He was a fat and greasy fellow, with something good-natured in

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his behavior, but had, at the same time, a terribly beer-stained mustache, and was frowning fiercely. For half an hour he told all the grievances he had accumulated against the pit boss during two years. "Is that manly?" he shouted, turning towards Mr. S——. "I say, is that manly?" Although he could speak English fluently, the light and fluid English language seemed to harden by passing through his throat. It made one think of a river that would carry heavy stones in its bed; now and then one of the stones was coming to the surface, when, in the middle of a sentence, this son of Germany suddenly bellowed a Teutonic word—"thür" instead of door, "steht" instead of stay, or instead of hundred "hundert."

The brightest speaker after him was an Irishman, a broad and sturdy Irishman with red cheeks. He could talk faster and longer than any one else, and apparently thought himself an attorney. The stories he had to tell about the pit boss were so numerous that the Commissioner begged him to make them as short as possible; nevertheless the Irishman went on, called the pit boss a liar, and pretended to defend the Italian miners who were unable, he believed, to do it themselves.

"You see that man?" he said, pointing out a short Italian who had a small black mustache and seemed to be as broad as high. "You see him? Now he can't talk English, but he can shoot coal. . . ."

However, it was this tiny Italian who proved to be, I assure you, the best speaker of all, even better than the Irishman himself. True enough, he couldn't talk English! That did not hamper him a bit. Although the interpreter, who stood by him, was the only man who could understand him in the whole house, he nevertheless stated his case with as much fire as if he were addressing a crowded assembly. Instead of imitating the self-possessed manners and voluntarily monotonous tone of the English speakers, he varied his intonation when he passed from narrating to arguing, and illustrated his words by appropriate gestures. Now we felt that he was down in the mine; with his hand he indicated that the roof was terribly low; the bad air suffocated him; unseen dangers surrounded him. Suddenly a painful expression pervaded his features and made him frown. With his thumb he pointed at a mysterious foe, apparently the pit boss. Where was he now? Heavens! The roof was even lower, the air worse, something was going to happen! Yes, here he was bowing down as if he wanted to saw off his own leg just below the knee.

"This fellow says that the pit boss compelled him to work in a room where he had water up to the knee," was the interpreter's cool translation.

What struck me was the fairness with which the trial was conducted on both sides. With the possible exception of the Irishman, not one of these men was losing his temper; they all seemed to think that the only thing to do was to state the facts as exactly as they could. The judges on either side were trying their best to get the truth out of the statements. Instead of preventing the men from freely accusing the pit boss, Mr. S——, the general manager, was encouraging them to speak, and I had the surprise of hearing him say to Mr. John Walker:

"Please ask as many questions as you want. I understand perfectly well the spirit in which you conduct the business; we both want to get to the bottom of the case."

But the most remarkable event was still to come. After the witnesses had several times been cross-examined, the facts became quite clear. These men had purely and simply violated their contract, and the Commissioner was evidently right in asking that they should be punished. At this moment Mr. John Walker, who had not yet expressed his opinion but had listened carefully to all the speeches, ordered that the men who were waiting outside in the hall should be let in. One by one they filled up all the benches and chairs, sitting, without any shyness, by the general manager and the pit boss; they seemed to be all intent on what the award was going to be.

And then Mr. Walker stood up; I

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had heard him talk before, but I really think this was the best speech I ever heard either from him or from any other labor leader.

"There are moments in life," he began in a forcible tone, "where a man has to perform a very unpleasant duty. I came here with the hope that you could justify yourselves for having shut down the mine last month; that's why I asked Mr. S—— to leave you idle to-day, and give you an opportunity for bringing before the Commission everything you had to say. Now, my hope has been totally deceived. Let me first read you the text of your contract."

He took out of his pocket a small book and read the clauses of the Illinois State agreement which determine in what way the local disputes shall be settled, and specify that, in case of an unlawful suspension of work, the coal operator shall be fined $100 and each of the miners $10. All the men were listening in the deepest silence; some of the Italians evidently made their best efforts to understand what Brother Walker was reading.

"You see now what you have done," he began again. "Not a single one of your grievances has been brought through the proper channel, and instead of listening to your own officers you have left the work, you have shut the mine, you have violated your contract.

"This contract is not perfect; I'm one of those men who think it could be much better for us and hope it will be. But it is certainly much better than what we had before. It has doubled our wages. It has allowed us to live. To obtain this contract many miners have courageously fought; millions of dollars have been spent by the Union; many men, many women, many children have not hesitated to undergo the bitterest hardships; to conquer this contract some have even died. And do you now believe that your fellow-miners, after such sufferings, will allow you to break this contract because it simply pleased you to do so? I know very well myself how painful it is for a man to be discriminated against by a pit boss; I know how hard it is to be submitted to an unfair treatment; I know it, for I have been through it myself. I am aware that you did not break your agreement on purpose, but that you simply misunderstood it. I know all this, but not one of these reasons gives you any excuse for doing wrong. If you believe something is unfair to you in the agreement, have it mended at the proper time, when we meet the operators in order to renew it; send your delegates to the joint convention and try then to persuade the majority of your fellow-miners. But as soon as the contract has been signed you have got to stand by it. I am one of those who believe that nothing would ever upset our organization as long as we abide by what we know to be right. If, on the contrary, we break our contracts, then the largest membership and the biggest fund won't prevent our being ultimately defeated, for we will lose the confidence of the operators, the esteem of the general public, and at the same time all our strength.

"I do not know what will be the award of the joint Commission. The company wants you to be fined. We will ask that the pit boss be discharged. But, in any case, I am going to do my duty. I find it painful to condemn you; but in electing us as your officers, you expected us to enforce among our members the rules of the Union. You have violated your contract; you ought to be fined. That's all that I have to say."

They were all gazing at him, and did not dare to protest. When he finished speaking, the German stood up, and said in a hesitating voice: "It is true, Brother Walker, we have violated our contract, but . . . " The others accepted silently their officer's decision. Some of them, of course, did not quite understand what was going on; still the majority of the Italians knew that they would have to pay a heavy fine. Close by me a tiny brown man was sitting, with his black hair covering his narrow forehead. I had seen such fellows in other countries; this small Sicilian was one of the awful scoundrels who create continuous disturbances in Marseilles as well as in Genoa. I fancied I had seen him there, stepping out of a Neapolitan barge, looking shabby, and carrying a knife in his pocket. Here he had become a decent and well-disciplined union

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man. Suddenly, as I looked at this whole crowd, bending its head under the fist of a single man, I was aware of the work that is being done throughout this country by a handful of energetic labor leaders. I understood how these few men succeed in organizing the continuous influx of immigrants; how they make American citizens out of men who had previously no idea of what lawfulness means; finally, how they compel these newcomers to abide by contracts which rest on nothing but the word of honor.

I had plenty of time to reflect on what I had seen while my one-eyed horse was making his way back through the same muddy roads and under the same drizzle.

There is no doubt in my mind that, though the agreement system is not perfect, it has largely benefitted both coal operators and coal miners in the bituminous field. It has enabled the men to get better conditions and brought their standard of life twice as high as it used to be ten years ago. It has allowed the operators to conduct their business on a steadier line, by making local strikes less frequent and shorter. But the main result seems to have been the improvement of relations between both sides; instead of looking on one another as an enemy, the operators and the miners discuss their mutual interests in peaceful joint meetings; they have substituted fair trials for the use of violence; they have come to establish between themselves friendly business relations.

I do not think that such a benefit will ever be lost. A large strike may occur; it may involve hundreds of thousands of men; still it won't degenerate into the bitter kind of struggle Pennsylvania saw six years ago in the anthracite fields. If the word "strike" makes one think of war, then it will not be justly applied to what will be only a temporary and quiet suspension. When two business men disagree on a bargain, it does not necessarily cause them to break their former pleasant relations. After what I have seen in the B —— mine, I do not believe that either the miners or the operators will ever give up a system that has proved so successful, or that they will again prefer war, when all their prosperity has been due to industrial peace.

HOW WE LIVED AT PERKINS INSTITUTE

BY CLARENCE HAWKES

ON a bright autumnal afternoon, about the middle of September, a pale, haggard youth of fifteen summers sat in a City Point car which was winding in and out though the interminable, crooked streets of Boston, on its way from the North Station to South Boston.

This morning the boy had left home and the home associations to go away to the city and become a pupil in the great school of which he had read considerable since the accident that had put him in another world, as it were.

When the old stage-coach had rumbled up to the door, and he had said good-by, it was to the childish mind, full of grief and foreboding, the last good-by, for he had no kind of notion that the school to which his parents were sending him could untangle the broken skein of his life, and much less mend any of the broken strands. So it was with a strange apathy that he journeyed to his new field of activities.

But, to tell the truth, he did not really expect any activity, for he had heard the school called an Asylum for the Blind, so he only expected the advantage of a home that should be adapted to the wants of the sightless.

The accident that had plunged him into this abyss of gloom had so chilled his hope and curtailed his scope of life

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interest that he had almost no reasonable ground for dreams of a future full of achievements and of busy days that by their very fullness would be joyous.

When we stop to consider, is it any wonder that this boy, who was only a child, had lost heart? To be suddenly confronted at the age of thirteen with an abyss that seemed fairly impassable; to have the entire structure of life upon which he had been building suddenly crumble and fall to earth; to be asked to go forward in the world's activities bereft of a sense that the rest of the world uses every moment of its waking hours—the burden laid upon the child had been too much, and so, like Rose Terry Cooke's "Jericho Jim," he would crawl away into some out-of-the-way corner of the great school and die of a broken heart.

Presently the car stopped, and the boy alighted and passed up an interminable flight of stone steps through the portals that were for the next five years to be home to this outcast that the hurrying, bustling public school was too busy to educate or develop.

The first thing that impressed, or rather astonished, the newcomer to Perkins Institute was that he had not come to an asylum or a home, but to an exceptionally busy hive, that fairly hummed with industry.

It was the first day of the new year, and there were hearty handshakes and vacation chatter going on among the old pupils, and a cordial greeting for the newcomer, who was kept very busy for the first few hours answering questions as to his age, residence, and the cause of his blindness.

Finally one of the old pupils took the stranger in tow, and showed him over the enormous six-story building, covering an entire square.

The new boy was first conducted through spacious school and reading rooms and shown some of the apparatus which he would use in the future. To his uninitiated fingers the raised print felt in the large volumes like a hetchel, or rasp. It was merely a strange roughness, with no meaning in it. He was then shown the type-slates with which examples in arithmetic and algebra were deciphered, but this too seemed hopelessly beyond him. Then he was shown one of the large dissected maps with each State sawed out of half-inch board, the whole fitting together like a puzzle.

"This is the map of the United States," said the guide. The new boy's hands wandered listlessly over it, confused by the many cracks between the blocks, which really represented State lines, and also by the brass-headed tacks that showed cities.

"This place where the map is lower is the Atlantic Ocean," explained the guide. Then the boy's fingers touched a long, narrow block, set in the Atlantic Ocean, to the southeast of the mainland. He had been clutching about in the Caribbean Sea, and had come upon the Pearl of the Antilles. His fingers trembled so that he could scarcely discern the outline of the island, then he fairly shouted, "I've found Cuba, I've found Cuba."

Columbus himself couldn't have been more proud when he sailed into the harbor of what is now Santiago than was the boy. To his imprisoned mind he had really found Cuba. He had seen a glimmer of light, and it had awakened longings and aspirations in his childish heart that he thought had been buried forever.

The light was very feeble—to put one's hand upon a block of wood and recognize Cuba; yet it was the first step. The first cable had been attached by which this life would be towed back to its moorings.

From the school-rooms the two went to the workshop, where chair-caning, mattress-making, and upholstery were taught. All of which amazed the newcomer.

"I should think you would hit your fingers when you drive tacks," he ventured.

"We do at first," replied the guide, "but we soon learn how much pleasanter it is to hit the tack than our fingers, and so give up the latter practice."

From the workshops they went to the musical department, where sixty pianos and half as many band instruments were making pandemonium. From this long corridor, with music-rooms on either side,

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they went into the historic chapel of Perkins Institute, where so many great men and women have spoken, and which is always such an inspiration to the graduate.

One of the first memorable functions that the new pupil attended in the chapel was a birthday party for Laura Bridgman, her half-century anniversary. Some of her friends from the city, among them Phillips Brooks, Dr. Minot Savage, James Freeman Clarke, and others, came bringing messages of congratulation and praise for this wonderful life that had been rescued from oblivion by the genius of Dr. Samuel G. Howe, one of the world's most remarkable educators and heroes.

This was Laura's last birthday, for the very beginning of the following year's first school term the pupils assembled in the old chapel to hear the funeral addresses of Dr. Edward Everett Hale and others over the remains of this remarkable woman.

Once the new pupil fully understood that the treasures that he had lost in that world of light and joy could in a measure be regained if he applied himself to breaking down the barriers, no task was too hard, and the days were all too short in which to accomplish the things that he wished to do.

To learn raised print and again have free access to the world of books, to which he had become strongly attached even at the age of thirteen, to master braille and be able to write and to read his own writing, and to again be a seeker at the great storehouse of the world's knowledge, this was his ambition.

He not only read all through the school hours but also through all the hours for recreation, and unwisely took books to bed with him that he might get at the wonderful treasures more rapidly.

Even at the best, reading by touch is rather slow, and the blind reader must spend two or three hours to accomplish that which the seeing student will in a single hour. But if patience will accomplish anything, and I firmly believe that it will accomplish wonders, the boy was wonderfully blest, for he had the sterling virtue of patience, to which all blind people have to add perseverance and pluck. In fact, all three go together, and they are the talisman of every successful life.

The more our boy became acquainted with the inner life of the great school, the more wonderful it seemed. Labor is really the only cure for sorrow, and life at this school is so planned that there are no idle hours.

From eight o'clock in the morning until six at night, in all departments, there is a ceaseless hum of industry. School hours and those of manual labor are so alternated that each is a pleasant relief from the other.

There was no place in the whole institution where one could as effectually clear the cobwebs from his brain as in the long, low gymnasium, where an hour of each day was spent. Here dumb-bell drills, calisthenics, manual of arms, pulley-weight exercises, etc., were indulged in. The last few minutes of the gymnasium hour were usually spent in some kind of a frolic, and this was the best of all. The most popular of these asides was the tug-of-war.

This was always resorted to on all occasions of contest, such as municipal and State elections. Then all the Republicans would line up on one end of the rope and the Democrats on the other, and the election would be settled then and there. It did not matter much how things went at the polls after this tug-of-war had been pulled off.

There was also pleasant diversion for the older boys in a debating club, which met once a week. It bore the dignified name of the Senate, and all the great questions of the day, such as the tariff, ship subsidy, land tax, and many others were thrashed out in this body in much shorter time than they were in the real Senate, whose dignity we sought to emulate.

There were many fine lectures and concerts in the chapel during the winter season, while many of the opera-houses and musical organizations in Boston kindly remembered the pupils at the sightless school with tickets. It was from such sources as these that the imagination was kindled, and that innate craving for the higher life, a desire for spiritual truth and beauty, was satisfied.

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Besides all this, one of the most intellectual women of Boston really belonged to us, for Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was the wife of Samuel G. Howe, the school's founder, and his son-in-law, Mr. Anagnos, was our beloved superintendent, so Mrs. Howe came often to the school to read to us in the chapel.

Many a pleasant hour the writer recalls, listening to her well-modulated voice as she read to us from the Brownings, or Tennyson, or some other equally beloved classic. With such an interpreter how could we fail to grasp the beauty of the poet's message?

Many of Mrs. Howe's own choice poems we heard while they were still in manuscript. This confidence we always appreciated.

There were other illustrious friends who came often to give us of their best thoughts, such as Phillips Brooks, James Freeman Clarke, Minot Savage, and many others, to whom the writer still feels grateful for some thought that has gone with him through many years.

The same year that our boy entered this school a young lady graduated whose name was destined to be within a few years upon all tongues, as the teacher of Helen Keller. Her name was Annie Mansfield Sullivan.

She was valedictorian of her class, and a great favorite with her classmates and teachers.

Mr. Anagnos always took his children, as he called us, into his confidence, and we were informed from time to time of the little deaf and dumb girl down in Alabama, whose imprisoned spirit Miss Sullivan had gone to liberate. Of course Miss Sullivan had Dr. Howe's experience with Laura Bridgman as a guide in her difficult task, but in addition to that she had a wonderful adaptation to the work.

At the end of her first year of labor with Helen Keller Mr. Anagnos gave us a full account of the results, and concluded by saying that this wonderful little Alabama girl would be brought to our own roof the following year, and taught at the girls' department of the school. This gave us a new and special interest in Helen. To have this marvelous work going on in our own family, as we considered it, was a great privilege, for now we could watch the work even more closely than before.

One spring morning in 1889 I was walking in the yard when one of the teachers came up to me and with much excitement told me that in that morning's Boston Journal, which she held in her hand, was an account of how Helen Keller had been taught to speak, at the Horace Mann School for the Deaf in Boston.

For several weeks Helen had been laboring to master speech, and her only guide for articulation was gained from putting her fingers on the lips and throats of others while they pronounced words and syllables slowly. To the uninitiated it seemed like a hopeless task, but the results were amazing. Shortly after Miss Keller's having mastered speech, a concert was given in the chapel to the pupils by several of Boston's most famous vocalists. Towards the close of the concert Helen asked if she might place her hand upon the throat and lips of some one of the singers while a song was being sung. Mr. Parker, Boston's lyric tenor, gladly offered his services, and took high C, to Miss Keller's evident delight.

It had been planned to keep the fact of Helen's vocal accomplishments as a surprise to her people in Alabama, but the ubiquitous reporter had spoiled this fun, though he secured a good scoop for his paper.

Although I left Perkins Institute in 1890, yet my interest in Helen Keller has grown with the years.

About four years ago I visited her in Cambridge, while she was still pursuing her studies at Radcliffe. As I sat on a couch beside her while we conversed I could not but feel how sublime a thing her courage was.

Even though the methods by means of which she had been taught were fully understood by me, yet the result seemed no less than a miracle.

We talked for an hour without an interpreter. She placed her fingers upon my lips and throat, and by talking slowly and distinctly she was able to get every word, which she repeated over after me to make sure that she had my meaning.

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Among other things, she told me of how she had visited President Roosevelt shortly before, and they two had chatted together in the same manner without an interpreter.

During the pleasant hour I spent with her we talked of nearly everything imaginable; among other subjects that I recall was Dante and the other Italian poets, Goethe, philosophy, Miss Keller's college life, books and authors, the education of the blind, and of Miss Keller's books, particularly the story of her life which the Ladies' Home Journal had been printing. At the close of a very pleasant visit Helen wrote my name in a copy of her wonderful little book, "Optimism," and gave it to me.

Miss Keller has always been deeply interested in the life and work of the blind, and many times she has been before the Massachusetts Legislature and before the Commission for the Education of the Adult Blind, of which she was a member, to argue in behalf of her thousands of blind associates.

No better articles have ever been written upon the life and aspirations of the sightless than those which from time to time Miss Keller's brain has given to the world.

To me Helen Keller will always be the most interesting pupil who ever went out of the portals of Perkins Institute. Although her case may not be quite typical of the life at the school, yet she was one of the great family in the old undergraduate days; so I always think of her as a part of the school.

Life at Perkins Institute is not an isolated, aimless existence, but a very intimate struggle after knowledge and the acquirement of such trades and professions as shall make its graduates helpful, self-supporting citizens. These blind students do not live in a world apart, as is sometimes thought, but in closest touch with the world as it is pictured in the columns of the daily papers, which they have read to them each evening. In my own days the Boston Transcript was our favorite.

The latest magazines and the new novels are also taken in turn as fast as reading aloud will permit. Often mock elections are held at the school, and the ballot is sometimes printed in raised type, that the pupils may get a good idea of the responsibility of American citizenship.

There are amusements, too, and games that make the winter season pass quickly. Concerts and lectures in the city vie with opera and oratorio music, and usually each week there is a concert or lecture in the home chapel.

Saturday afternoon is a half-holiday, and when the weather is fine the spacious grounds and the piazzas swarm with laughing merrymakers eager for a frolic or some out-of-door game, but if it is too cold they will be found in the sitting-rooms playing whist or checkers, or perhaps chess, while some may be reading books or looking over next week's lessons.

So, while the public schools wrestle with Latin, Greek, and the sciences, the pupils at old Perkins struggle with Cæsar and the Odyssey. For football and baseball they substitute many ingenious games and frolics in the gymnasium. Thus both the seeing and the sightless youth are looking for life's rainbow, even if they do not go in quest of the pot of gold at the end of the bright arch.

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LETTERS OF A VAGABOND

BY ALBERT EDWARDES

FIRST PAPER

Geneva, Switzerland, August, 1905.

AT last I am settled down for several months' quiet work. I am living *en pension—chez* Madame Latour. Ah! my friend, you have never lived in a Swiss boarding-house.

The distinctive thing about a *pension* is the *table d'hôte*. The *table d'hôte* has its own set of conventions. You can always tell an old *pensionnaire* by the way he sputters when he eats his soup, by the way he stabs a piece of bread from the bread-basket with his knife, and by the keen eye he has for picking out the best piece of meat. By some mysterious system, known only to the maid, she always offers you the platter with the fork seductively placed in the smallest, poorest portion. Your skilled *pensionnaire* is never caught by this trick; he always removes the fork from the piece indicated, and rakes over everything till he finds the best. This is not impolite—in a *pension;* it is the conventional thing.

In order to prevent any undue advantage, the maid has a system of rotation; first she begins at the head of the table and works down the right side; with the next course she begins at the foot and works up the left side. If she forgets where she stopped and begins wrong, there is an immediate howl from those who are getting cheated. This causes many bitter and stormy arguments.

There are two bells for every meal, and you are supposed to be in your place when the second bell rings. Madame Latour stands impressively by the sideboard, a soup-ladle in one hand, the other on the cover of the tureen. As soon as half the family is seated, she bows formally to the company, removes the cover, and dips out one plateful of soup. Then, having, as it were, inaugurated the feast, she surrenders the ladle to the maid, hurries to the kitchen, removes her black silk dress, and gets to work. I never but once saw her in anything but that black silk, and I had a vague idea that she slept in it.

The law of the *table d'hôte* allows ten minutes between courses. And any delay beyond this limit causes a rebellion on the part of the *pensionnaires*. A dispute at once arises as to whether or not more than ten minutes have actually elapsed. A vote—by show of hands—is taken, and if the majority think that Madame Latour should be reprimanded, some one is appointed to ring the gong. (I am informed that in *pensions* where no gong is provided for this purpose the people all beat on the glasses with their knives.) When this happens, Madame hurries into her black silk dress and comes up to apologize for the delay.

The *pensionnaires* are certainly a motley crew. At the foot of the table is a little Russian girl, Natasha, about nine years old. She is the worst-behaved youngster I ever saw.

Next comes Mr. Peshnerkoff, a Russian refugee, a well-known leader of one of the revolutionary parties. He has been in the movement ever since he wore long trousers. He was a long time in prison in Siberia, and at last escaped by way of Vladivostok and America. I had read about him in George Kennan's book. For ten years he lived in London, and speaks English perfectly, but he is very deaf—too deaf for table talk. I know him better than any of the rest, as he comes often to my room to drink tea.

Next to Peshnerkoff is a very striking young fellow who doesn't know how to pronounce his own name—at least his official name. He was a Russian naval officer, and was compromised in one of the mutinies in the Black Sea Fleet. He escaped by way of Turkey, and there bought a false passport for five dollars.

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It is all written in Turkish, and he can't figure out what his name is. I call him Captain Nemo. He is a fine chap. We converse in a wild mixture of French and German, with a few words of Russian and English. We have a set-to every evening after dinner. I try to teach him English and he teaches me Russian. He has progressed to the point where he says "Good-night" when we meet at breakfast, and "Good-by" when he means "How d'you do?" I sit next to him.

Then comes Mademoiselle Séquard. She is forty if a day, and from her manners I deduce that she was born in a *pension*. She is our court of appeal when any matter of *table d'hôte* usage is under discussion.

Next to her is an old French lady, Madame Gallois. She is our "cultured one." She writes in a journal called *La Femme*. Her only fault is a pet dog very dyspeptic. She always brings a newspaper to the table and rakes the remnants into it from her plate for Toto. Otherwise she is quite civilized in her manners. I kicked Toto once, so she disapproves of me.

Then comes Miss Bates. Miss Bates has a volume of "Burke's Peerage" in her room, and no end of aristocratic relations in England. She knows all the Christian names of all the Royal Family, and talks interminably about "my cousin the Countess of So-and-so," and "Uncle Percy, the twelfth Earl of ——." If she has any aristocratic relations, I am convinced they pay her to keep out of England. She is the gossip and scandalmonger of the family—quite like a comic type of Thackeray. She is a bore, but useful as an interpreter, so I have to be good to her.

Madame Gallois has nothing to do with Mademoiselle Séquard and Miss Bates. I can't quite make out whether she is too aristocratic or not aristocratic enough. Probably the latter, as she earns her own living and they don't.

Across the table from Peshnerkoff and Captain Nemo sit the wife of a rich Russian manufacturer, her sister, and two badly behaved children. Her husband has sent his women-folk out of Russia, as he is having trouble with his workmen and fears violence. Of course his wife thinks there is nothing worse on earth than a workman who wants his children to go to school and have enough to eat—except an agitator. And, as Peshnerkoff is well known as one of the most successful agitators, she is provoked with him for being alive. She is quite frank in saying what she thinks of him. But he does not hear her, or pretends that he does not. Sometimes Captain Nemo loses his temper and talks back to her.

Her sister, a young woman of nineteen or twenty, is on the fence. She has always been taught that Socialists are the spawn of Satan, but Captain Nemo is so very good-looking and Peshnerkoff is such a sweet old man that this dogma has become a little shaken. Captain Nemo certainly is good-looking. Yesterday I saw him giving her a Socialist book, so I wouldn't be surprised if there was a revolution in her family.

It is a charming company, but I think I will leave them next month to live in a real Russian family. I think I would make more progress with the language. It is awful. Here is an example. The Russian word for a "pastime" is "Vremyapreprovoshdeniya." Wouldn't that discourage Father Time himself!

Moscow, Easter Sunday, 1908.

I wish somehow I could put the charm of this old city down on paper, so you could see it and love it as I do.

It is a great overgrown village; narrow, crooked streets, innumerable one-story houses, and—churches. A Russian proverb says that in Moscow are "Forty times forty churches." That means forty times forty architectural experiments. No two are anything alike. The old churches were built bit by bit—rambling affairs, tumbling all over themselves, without the least suggestion of unity. The most striking of all is "Vassily Blajenni." Its official name is "The Church of the Protection and Intervention of the Virgin;" but everybody calls it "Vassily Blajenni"—which, being interpreted, is "The Holy Billy." It was named after a crazy old monk who used to live there, and was, according to tradition, the only man

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of whom Ivan the Terrible was afraid. Holy Billy used to go to Court and tell Ivan that his horns were sprouting, and that he was getting to be a devil before his time. The church was built by order of Ivan, 1554. It's the most amazingly gruesome building I ever saw. There are a dozen cupolas, each different in shape and color—one like a sea-green pineapple, another shaped like the back of an enraged porcupine, with all the colors of the rainbow, plus gilt. I read somewhere that it looks like "an inflated frog at the moment of explosion."

Then, on a little hill by the bank of the Moskva River, is the Church of the Holy Saviour. It is the most beautiful church in Russia—one of the most beautiful in the world. It is modern, built in 1837–83, to commemorate the defeat of Napoleon. It is of a cream-colored marble, and has five gold cupolas—one, an enormous cross-surmounted dome, in the center, and four smaller ones on the corners. The architect seems to have lived in Moscow and to have breathed in the spirit of all the sixteen hundred churches, and then to have crystallized all that was beautiful in them by the magic of "unity." It is a real "composition," balanced and proportionate. At twilight or in the long half-nights of the summer it stands out ghostly white above the city, a sort of embodiment of all those who died with and against the French in that awful campaign of 1812.

And between these two extremes range the thousand other churches, some ludicrously misshapen and ugly, some of real beauty, all of a quaint, fascinating originality. Best of all I love the church-filled Kremlin. It is perched on a hill above the city, like the Acropolis, a fortress and a shrine. The Russians say:

"Above Moscow there is only the Kremlin,
Above the Kremlin there is only Heaven."

Almost in the center of the triangular red-brick walls is the bell-tower. There is a dark, winding stairway, and then, breathless with the climb, you come out among the bells—hundreds of them. "Ivan Veliky," "Big John," is the largest—the largest in the world; and there are also little silver bells as small as your hand. And each of these hundred bells has a human story—if you have the patience and skill to study out the inscriptions in the dizzy old Slavonic letters. One is a thank-offering of some long-forgotten noble because his equally forgotten wife was miraculously made to bear him a son. In the year of God's grace 1673 this great joy came to the long-forgotten family. Another bell—a great somber iron one—tells of the great drama of horror when the Tartar hordes threatened the Republic of Kazan. In those olden days the good folk of Kazan vowed a great bell for the glory of God if their wives and daughters were spared from this scourge; and, the Tartars being driven back, the women of Kazan gave their last jewels and the bell was cast.

On the top of the bell-tower is a little balcony like a minaret. From there, on a sunny day like yesterday, the scene is glorious. The Moskva River winds and twists through the heart of the city, and on either side are the churches. Each of the "forty times forty" has half a dozen or so of golden cupolas, and the sun burns and glistens on all of them. It is as though all the stars of heaven had fallen down and lay about at your feet.

Last night at midnight the long Lenten fast was finished. I pushed my way among the dense crowd of devotees which throng each year to Holy Place for an Easter blessing. From all the vast empire they come. Peasants from Little Russia, pilgrims from the frozen North, from far-away Siberia, above all, the little shopkeepers of Moscow, elbowed and fought their way into the sacred inclosure of the Kremlin.

All is dark; no single light shines out; even in the cathedrals, where only the great of the earth are admitted on this consecrated night, no candle burns. The darkness magnifies the multitude, till the thousands seem millions. Shoulder to shoulder, packed close, they stand; strange fervors and emotions flash from heart to heart. What is an individual in such a crowd? I remember that the muscles of my limbs ached with the long standing—breathless, tense. Suddenly a little light sprang up in one of the

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churches. Instantly there was a movement in the throng and something troubled the ears. It seemed more like a blow than a sound. Not till it was repeated did I realize that it was "Ivan Veliky," the big bell. Only twice a year—Easter and Christmas—is it rung. Three times its sepulchral boom announced the Resurrection to the trembling multitude, and then in a flood came the clamor of the hundred other bells. They are not chimes, these Russian bells—just a chaotic clamor. And the forty times forty other churches followed suit.

The square of the Kremlin was lit up by the light of myriad tiny candles, suddenly illumined by the worshipers. Great torches were lit, and, in the blinding glare, from each church issued a procession—holy pictures, relics, censers, prelates in cloth of gold, chanting choirs in red—all the pageantry of ecclesiasticism.

"Christ is risen," a man said as he kissed his neighbor.

"He is risen indeed," came the response.

Exchanging kisses and this greeting, the crowd fell into procession, each one ranging himself behind the picture of his special saint. All was glitter and flashing lights and tinsel now. A moment before, in the hush of the darkness and the press of the surging, breathless crowd, I had felt the real mysticism of religion. This was only the Church—"inflections and genuflections, postures and impostures." And now—this Easter Day—all those devout Russians are ruining their digestions with an utter debauch of solid foods and solider sweets. It is worse than Christmas and Thanksgiving combined.

But Moscow has a deeper charm for me than the weird beauty of its churches, the clever panoply of its ecclesiasticism. It is indelibly connected in my mind with The Barricades, the insurrection of last December. Very many of those who over-indulged their emotions last night, who are over-indulging their stomachs to-day, built barricades a few months ago—fought the good fight of Liberty, a fight which is as much against superstition as it is against tyranny.

Moscow is the city of *action* as compared with Saint Petersburg, the city of theory. In Petersburg most of the leading papers are published, most of the conventions are held, and there flock most of the self-styled "intelligenzia." But it is un-Russian. It is all a base imitation of Western civilization—especially of Prussian civilization. It is a city of borrowed glory. St. Izak's, the great cathedral, was planned by an Italian. The Ermitage—one of the richest art galleries in the world—is crowded with wonderful paintings of Leonardo, of Raphael, Rubens, and Rembrandt. And the ideas one meets in Petersburg society are echoes—six-months-old, six-years-old echoes—of the thoughts of Western Europe.

Moscow is pre-eminently Russian. No one but a Russian could have conceived its churches. The Tretiakov Gallery is the home of Russian painters, Repine, Gay, Vereshtchagin—of a very real and virile school of art. And here, when the people argue, they refer for authority to such names as Tolstoy, Tcherneshevsky, Shisko, instead of Hegel and Comte and Marx. They read Koralenko and Andreev instead of Guy de Maupassant or Sudermann. The Artist Theater plays Gorky instead of flippant French farces. And it is here, to the wonderful symphony orchestra, that one must come to hear the music of Tchaykowsky.

And so I get to think that throwing up barricades and fighting for ideas is more truly Russian than the bickering, intriguing, and academic discussions of the Duma at Petersburg. And my hope grows. For I have always believed—as Carlyle says—that "rights are closely connected with mights." The Russians, like the French and Americans, will have to fight for whatever liberties they will enjoy; and of course the absorbing interest in Russia to-day is to watch Liberty in the making.

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THE NEW FAR EASTERN PROBLEM[1]

WHAT has been the Far Eastern problem? The encroachment of Europe on East Asia—upon China, Korea, Japan.

The problem's culmination was seen in the immediate events leading to the Russo-Japanese War. One of the principal newspaper correspondents during the campaign, Mr. Frederick McCormick, has now published in book form a clear and graphic account of it. To many the most striking features of these volumes will probably be found in the comparisons of Russia with Japan, and of Russians with Japanese. Indeed, one such seems a kind of microcosm of the whole war, and deserves quotation, now that the death sentence passed upon General Stoessel lends additional interest to it:

> General Stoessel, about the middle of the siege of Port Arthur, telegraphed to the Tsar that Port Arthur would be his [Stoessel's] tomb and that he and his men would die in the defense of that fortress. In this he defaulted, and in the eyes of the outside world, and of the Russian Government especially, descended into disgrace. He was defended in his decline only by his antagonist, General Nogi, who himself formally arranged his own funeral before proceeding to attack Port Arthur. According to the press, when Nogi heard of his son's death at Nanshan, he gave a command to his family that they should postpone the funeral for a time, as it was his determination and that of his other son that they should all die for their country and he would like to have the services conducted simultaneously for all three. It is perhaps an unfair as it is a most unfavorable comparison, because we feel that Nogi, had he been the one besieged and having so much to fight for, would actually have surrendered his life, while Stoessel, representing a nation that to him could never be defeated or endangered, had no such incentive as inspired the Japanese. It may be that his loyalty and not his courage was defective, and that personally he was as brave as Nogi.

Or this, written of another notable Russian in connection with and describing perhaps the most fateful battle of the war:

> General Kuropatkin fought at Mukden the battle that is the great test of his generalship . . . and made for the inspection of posterity the bed in which his military reputation will forever lie. . . . The difficulties with which Kuropatkin approached the inevitable conflict were such as to deter the stoutest heart. Nogi's operations became deadly. The punctuality with which for three days he flanked and reflanked was terrible. . . . It was like the vengeance of Almighty God—clear, immutable, and conclusive. No man can fully understand the terrible meaning of defeat until, upon the field of battle, physically and mentally exhausted, he sees the cold and darkness of night come over him with his antagonist undismayed.

The narration of events during the war is done with admirable perspective and balance by Mr. McCormick. He marshals many facts and avoids overmuch detail. His work is informed with a fine sympathy both for the victors and vanquished. His volumes are well entitled "The Tragedy of Russia," but they might also be entitled, in similar phrase to Gibbon's, "The Decline and Fall of Russia."

Pobiedonostev once exclaimed: "Russia is not a state; Russia is a world!" From the pitch of self-estimate to the final act at Portsmouth, Mr. McCormick impressively shows the advantage accruing to the antagonist who has the respect of the whole world as against one who may have all other advantages and lack this.

Even France, Russia's ally, was disaffected; even many Russians themselves were. "Toward the end at least one-third of the army regarded the war as a crime and were forced to surrender to the enemy." Moreover, Russia's military prowess reached a low ebb, so low that confirmed Russophiles were compelled to admit dismay. The bubble of Russia's military greatness was pricked when the Japanese saw that not more than one in two hundred of themselves were captured to over five of the enemy. Official rottenness stood exposed as never before, and was a prime cause of the ensuing reign of anarchy in Russia.

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[1] The Tragedy of Russia in Pacific Asia. By Frederick McCormick. In 2 vols. The Outing Publishing Company, New York. $6, net.

The Coming Struggle in Eastern Asia. By B. L. Putman Weale. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.50.

The Unveiled East. By F. A. McKenzie. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.50.

Breaking Down Chinese Walls. By Elliott I. Osgood, A.M., M.D. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1, net.

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Of course the war was an indictment of Russian autocracy; of course "the Russian found in it a weapon against the Government for which he had searched in vain for many years." With Mr. McCormick, every one must believe that "the most important consequence of the war to the Russian was the unforeseen great power which it placed in the hands of the people, enabling them to secure a constitution."

Thus settled by the war, ends one phase of the Far Eastern problem.

But Mr. Weale asserts that it still persists, and, in particular, that the Manchurian question is just as acute, in a new and more subtle form, as it has ever been. Both he and Mr. McKenzie attempt to draw the veil from some alleged optimistic prejudices in America and Europe concerning Japan's position since the conclusion of the Treaty of Portsmouth in 1905, and in this survey Mr. McCormick's volumes are also quite as valuable as they are regarded as a narration of the war itself. These authors disclose Japan's commercial campaign which has followed her great military campaign, and, in especial, its connection with the policy of the "open door" as enunciated by John Hay. Japan has been loud in her protestations of a desire to uphold this policy. But Mr. Weale and Mr. Mackenzie emphasize the significance of Japan's present-day aggressive imperialism, shown not only in her colonization of Korea but in its extension into the Manchurian part of China.

What is to be the Far Eastern question? Will it not lie between Japan and China, aye, between Japan and America? Are not the Japanese showing the same far-sighted organization, the same genius for detail, the same loyalty and energy, revealed by them in the war, now in the field of commerce, and, if so, will they not succeed one day to the commercial supremacy of the Pacific? As Mr. Weale shows in his second volume, Japan has almost captured the carrying trade of the Pacific from America. He also shows that, while American trade with China, Japan, and the Philippines has not been so sensibly affected as has been the shipping, we may ere long lose the Asiatic markets for the two main categories of our exports thither, cotton manufactures and flour. Thus those Americans who think that because one Far Eastern problem was settled by the recent war, another does not remain, would do well to glance at the concluding chapters of Mr. McCormick's volumes and at all the chapters of those of the books written by Mr. Weale and Mr. McKenzie.

What should we do? First, says Mr. Weale, subsidize shipping. No, say the American people—and yet they will not deliver shipping from antiquated navigation laws! Second, says this critic, establish banks. There is not an American bank in Manchuria or Korea. Our authors also point out the fact that with Russia out of the way, with Japan very much in the saddle, with America apparently unable immediately to rise to the commercial opportunities before her, the effect on England of Japan's aggression is bound to be serious. Indeed, the Anglo-Japanese alliance is becoming increasingly burdensome. Mr. Weale even says, "Everything tends to confirm the opinion that only a truce has set in." What will turn this truce into something better and more permanent?

He replies, "A powerful America in the Pacific and a powerful new China may be really the only two factors necessary to begin the final solution of the yet unsolved Far Eastern problem."

All these critics agree that the first end to be achieved is the rapid growth of a new, sane, modern China. Potentially greater than Japan, the power she may not unnaturally dread as well as admire, Japan's example has aroused China to new life. The tourist sees this change first in the railways. "To Peking, Hankau—that great interior city on the Yangtse—is no longer a geographical expression. . . . Ten years ago it took thirty days of hard travel to reach Peking from the Yangtse terminus; to-day it takes thirty-six hours." China has now nearly four thousand miles of railway, and Mr. Weale justly declares that her salvation will consist in extending that rapidly. Then, to the newcomer the new China is apparent in the sight of thousands of miles of telegraph,

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of properly dressed soldiers replacing the old Bannermen, of some evidence of obedience to the edicts making Sunday a legal holiday, and looking to the abolishment of the opium habit. Then, next, there is the sight of newspapers and books. For the employ of newspaper and publishing houses educated men are in great demand for translation work, particularly from books on education, science, and philosophy, not only in Japanese, but also in French and English. Dr. Osgood cites Booker Washington's "Up from Slavery" as having wide reading in China. Above all, one is soon conscious of the abrogation of the ancient system of civil service examinations, and the ushering in of modern educational methods.

As to hygiene, Mr. McKenzie says that pupils of the medical missionaries are to-day the native leaders of the reformed medical profession all over China. In this connection Dr. Osgood's book is interesting reading. For eight years he has conducted a hospital and dispensary at Chucheao. His book differs primarily from similar essays in showing that the daily life of a missionary family is one of the most effective agencies in the conversion of the natives. The mother in her home, caring for her children, plays a part scarcely less important than the preaching missionary in his pulpit or the medical missionary in his dispensary. Again, the natives see the phenomenon, to them, of a man and a woman standing in equal relations. Slowly there begins to dawn upon the intelligence of those natives the conviction that if they are to become like the peoples of America and Europe, their womenkind must be given their rightful place. Finally, not only are the Chinese now convinced of the superiority of modern surgery and medicine, as shown in our mission hospitals, but, what is more fundamental in civilization development, they have not been slow to detect the difference between their crudity in handling patients and our chivalry, sympathy, and gentleness.

As to religious work, Dr. Osgood adds that

> Influential men have brought their children to our schools, and plead that they might be accepted. They have willingly paid all expenses, and made no stipulations as to the regulation and courses of study. When faced with the possibility of their children becoming Christians, they have, in instances, declared their willingness that their children should become converted.

Thus ultimately the Chinaman appeals to the only one capable of aiding him, the missionary, and we may say with pride that the missionary in China is largely an American product. The nations of the world, in Mr. McCormick's phrase, that have for many years been demoralized by China's default may rely with confidence upon her future. New, sane, modern, she will ultimately solve the new Far Eastern problem as regards Japan's aggression eastwards; and America will have been, we believe, the chief factor in enabling her so to do.

As regards Japanese aggression westwards, however, greater sanity, intelligence, and energy on *our* part will be necessary if we are to solve that other half of the new Far Eastern problem.

Comment on Current Books

Novels and Tales

Doubtless life on the Alaskan frontier has been marked at intervals by incidents as violent and harrowing as any Mr. Rex Beach has described in his books. But it borders on the impossible that one set of characters should live so continuously in an atmosphere of blood and thunder as those in his latest tale.[1] It is the story of a sturdy old pioneer who had fled from the States because of a crime which he did not commit; his apparently half-breed daughter (who is of such surpassing beauty that when the hero first sees her in the evening dress of civilization he ejaculates, "Great lovely dove!"), a young army officer, sundry eminently satisfying villains, and a sub-hero (so to speak) who is the best thing in the book. The chief problem is how the hero can reconcile his love for the "breed" girl with his loyalty to his family and his hopes for a career in the army. Naturally, the path is smoothed for the lovers,

[1] The Barrier. By Rex Beach. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.

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after many complications and much inexcusable brutality. Mr. Beach did much better in his first novel of Alaska. It is a pleasant relief to turn to a tale [1] by Jesse Lynch Williams. It is as light as froth, but it has in its delicate fabric some of the iridescent gleams of the soap-bubble. Another volume [2] of lurid melodrama comes from the pen of Mr. James Barnes. Its material includes a mistaken marriage, a victim of the drug habit, a violent death by automobile, a mysterious murder at the tomb of the victim of the accident, and a sensational trial. The workmanship of the book is good, especially in the trial scene, when the hero is saved from apparently inevitable conviction by an ingenious device. The story is readable, but unpleasant. The next [3] to come to the reviewer's hand contains two murders and several mysteries. It, too, is ingenious, and the reader will probably enjoy the hunt for the key to the riddle, and be properly surprised when the author presents him with it at the end. A fine old English country house, with a tradition that it contains a "lost court," with a titled mistress who is compelled to let it, but does so with the stipulation that she shall remain unobtrusively as housekeeper, and with neighbors who decline to enter its doors on account of some unexplained occurrence in the past, would seem to have possibilities as the scene of a mystery and a romance. When are added a young American girl, a young English soldier, and a little later the inhabitant of the "lost court," who for a dozen years has come out of it only at night, the romance is inevitable. The story [4] which contains these elements is agreeably written, some of its characters are satisfactorily attractive, and one at least is satisfactorily odious. After moderately thrilling complications, the tangle is resolved, with the right ones preparing to live happy ever after. In most of the books already mentioned the story has been the thing. The next,[5] if it is worth reading at all (and let us give the author the benefit of the doubt), is so because of the background of outdoor life, nature, and the changing pageant of the seasons. The human characters are hardly alive, but the big Black Bass and the Kingfisher, with the lesser birds and beasts, the flowers and trees of the Wabash Valley, almost succeed in supplying that lack.

In "Lord of the World" a Roman Catholic priest, an Englishman of literary bent, dramatically pictures what he "passionately believes" will be the outcome of "Modernism." [1] A century hence Protestantism is dead, Catholicism is depleted by a great apostasy, an atheistic humanitarianism has become the religion of the social democracy confederated under the presidency of an American, one "Julian Felsenburgh," acclaimed by enthusiastic millions as Saviour of the World, Lord and God. Compulsory public worship of "Paternity, Maternity, Life, and Sustenance," symbolized by statues, having been instituted, an alleged plot of Catholics to destroy Westminster Abbey is revenged by a fleet of some two hundred "volors" (air-ships), which annihilate Rome by dropping explosives, and by a carnival of blood and fire in London. The remnant of the faithful transfer the seat of the Papacy to Nazareth, where they also are soon extirminated by the volors, and Christianity perishes from the earth. Trial marriages and "Euthanasia Homes" for incurables and people bent on suicide are included in the Modernist's apparatus. Notwithstanding the imaginative and literary skill evinced in the construction of this chimera, it seems hardly more worth while than the entertainment of the breakfast-table with the report of a fantastic dream—except perhaps as a revelation of the absurdity of the Pope's fanatical campaign against "Modernism."

Essentially a love story [2] of an uncommon kind, in which a variety of animating side-actors, amusing or pathetic, serve as a foil to the intense seriousness of the hero and the heroine, a novel by Harold Begbie carries as its moral the inferiority of religiosity to religion, of so-called "Churchianity" to real Christianity. Rodwell and Beatrice, chums from childhood, deeply in love, he an earnest High Churchman under a vow to celibacy, work together for the reformation of a dissolute town. Bartown folks, while this is going on, furnish good subjects for character-sketches, some of them fairly Dickenslike. Gradually Rodwell masters the position, so far as to make good order and virtue respectable, while Beatrice, a stronger and deeper personality, keeps her "vigil" for his awakening to the reality of religion as a self-forgetting consciousness of God; for practically, as he admits, to him "the Church is God." It comes at last through the experience of a terrible catastrophe that ruins the town, when from "an Orpheus charming through music" he becomes a Paul, alive to God, a missioner of

[1] My Lost Duchess. By Jesse Lynch Williams. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.
[2] The Clutch of Circumstance. By James Barnes. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.
[3] The Silver Blade. By Charles E. Walk. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago $1.50.
[4] The House of the Lost Court. By Dona Teresa de Savalle, Marquesa de Alpens. The McClure Company, New York, $1.50.
[5] At the Foot of the Rainbow. By Gene Stratton Porter. The Outing Publishing Company, New York. $1.50.

[1] Lord of the World. By Robert Hugh Benson. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.50.
[2] The Vigil. By Harold Begbie. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.50.

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apostolic Christianity. In such an experience his vow of celibacy naturally dissolves, and the proper sequel comes. It is a strong story, and, for the general reader, is dexterously managed by keeping its profound religious lesson in the background till interest in Bartown people and problems has been fairly roused.

Mary Austin's "Santa Lucia"[1] has the California social atmosphere, careful study of character, and charming descriptions of nature. It is painfully deficient in construction, and, as it nears its culmination, positively depressing.

Among stories of crime and criminals Mr. Oppenheim's new tale, "The Avenger,"[2] is notable for its cleverness in placing before the readers a murder problem apparently simple but really all but insoluble. The answer, when it comes, as with most books of this kind, is not altogether satisfactory. Mr. Chester's "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford"[3] shows an astonishing knowledge of the ways and tricks of American "financiers" and swindlers of the class indicated by the title, and the narrative is lively and amusing. "The Under Groove,"[4] by Arthur Stringer, deals with the methods of the professional criminal, and would be far better if it had omitted the telepathic and hypnotic basis on which it is constructed. The author omits to tell us *how* his innocent criminal, who becomes such in a minute, acquires his wonderful technical knowledge of the methods of the professional.

A far better book than any of those above named, for those who would study the psychology of the criminal and follow the plots and acts of astute defiers of the law, is Mr. Arthur Train's "True Stories of Crime."[5] Mr. Train is an Assistant District Attorney in New York City, and has taken part in many important cases. Here he tells the story of the Patrick-Rice murder case, that of the Dodge case (involving the downfall of "Abe" Hummel), and half a dozen others almost equally strange and exciting. The narratives are admirably clear and the book is as stirring as a novel.

Paul Sabatier on Cardinal Gibbons

Opinions of Roman Catholic prelates and writers in this country upon the struggle between Church and State in France have been motived more by loyalty to the Vatican than by judicial care for facts. The widely circulated statements of Cardinal Gibbons in the columns of the Baltimore Sun are a case in point. These are reprinted in this little volume[1] in connection with the open letter in which M. Sabatier, in sympathy with progressive French Catholics, convicts him of gross misrepresentation. M. Sabatier emphasizes the central fact in the French question, that it is not Catholicism as a religion, but clericalism as a political opponent, with which the French Government has a controversy.

The Servant in the House

The Outlook has already reported the presentation in New York of Charles Rann Kennedy's drama, "The Servant in the House." The play is now published in book form,[2] with photographic illustrations by Miss Alice Boughton. As we have already said, the play is a remarkably strong, sincere, and moving piece of dramatic writing. It makes use of a difficult device—the reincarnation of the spirit, if not the actual person, of Christ—boldly, but with absolute and convincing reverence. It tells a story which is absorbing in itself, and at the same time presents a moral principle with effective force. Those who cannot see the play should read the book; those who can should do both.

A Governor's Speeches

Fifteen speeches and addresses, delivered by Charles E. Hughes during his first year as Governor of New York, have been published in book form,[3] with an introductory sketch of Governor Hughes by President Schurman, of Cornell University. Mr. Hughes is not an orator, though he has gained much in ability as a public speaker since he entered on the campaign which resulted in his election. But his speeches read well. His utterances, written and spoken, are notably clear, compact, and forceful in expression, and equally sincere and frank in spirit.

The Modern Minister

As a constructive statement of religious faith and belief in the modern point of view now widely held in Congregational churches and others, this address[4] deserves attention. It was given before the council assembled to install its author in the pastorate, and produced a profound impression.

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[1] Santa Lucia. By Mary Austin. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.
[2] The Avenger. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.
[3] Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford. By George Randolph Chester. The Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia. $1.50.
[4] The Under Groove. By Arthur Stringer. The McClure Company, New York.
[5] True Stories of Crime. By Arthur Train. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

[1] An Open Letter to His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. By Paul Sabatier. Translated by John Richard Slattery. Sherman, French & Co., Boston. 60c.
[2] The Servant in the House. By Charles Rann Kennedy. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.25.
[3] Addresses and Papers of Charles Evans Hughes. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.
[4] The Message of the Modern Minister. By Henry E. Jackson. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. 50c.

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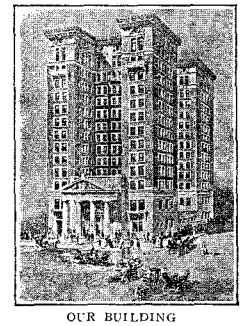

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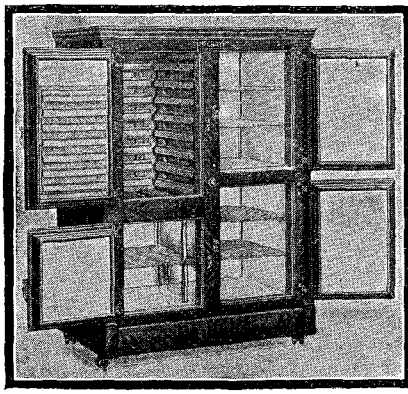

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